

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

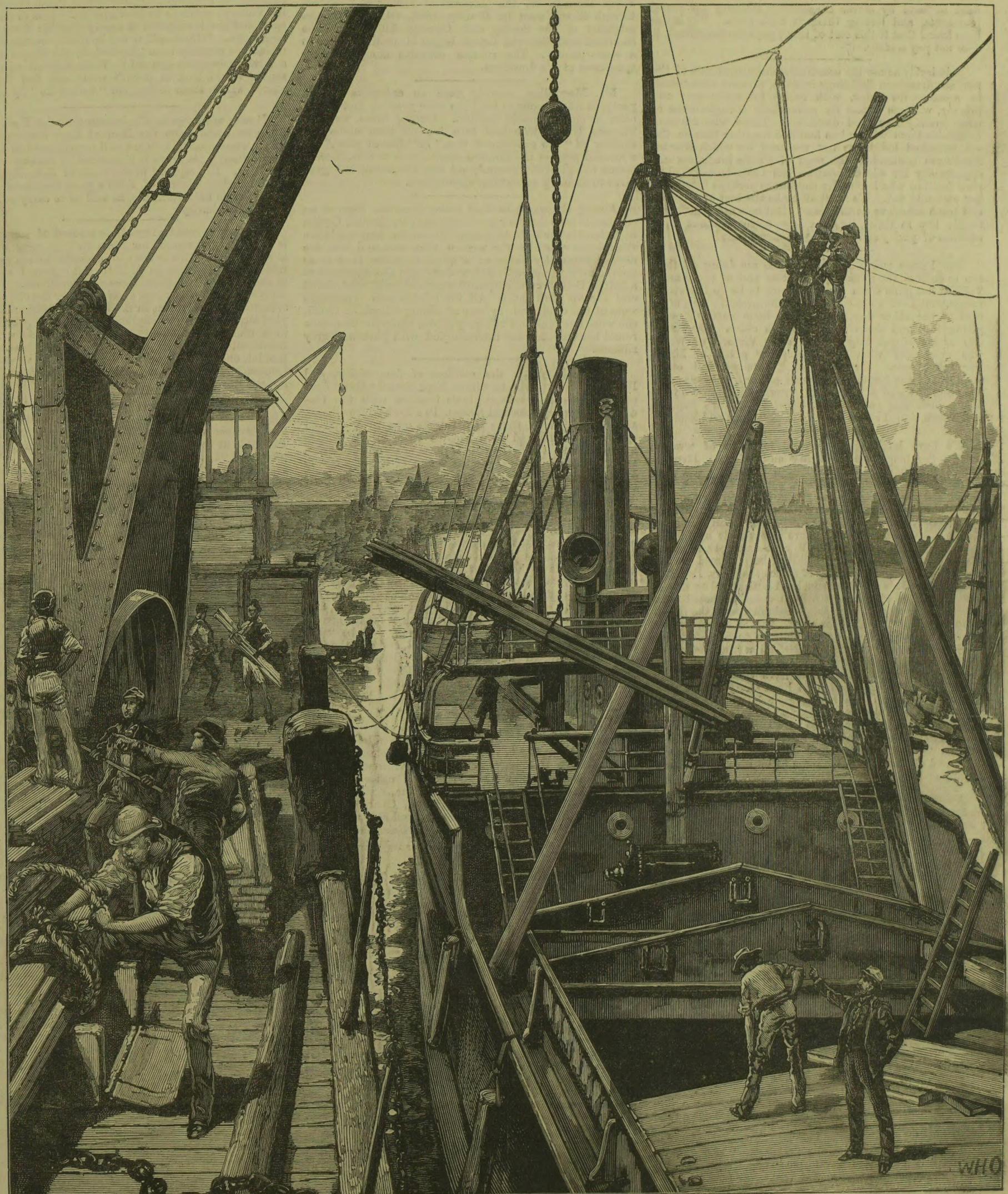


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## OUR NOTE BOOK.

Newport Market has vanished as magically as did Cranbourn-court. The new Industrial Dwellings opened by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday cover ground which till a very recent period was a dismal slum. The Prince spoke as if his heart were in his work; and no doubt it was, for he has evidently taken up the question of overcrowding. Much of the honour and glory of recent reform in building for the poor has been fitly ascribed to Sir Sydney Waterlow; but, now that the thoroughly practical and beneficent company of which he is chairman has "closed its building operations on capital account," it is time that an obvious duty should be adopted and continued by the State or the Metropolitan Board.

Big towns will be found to grow for evil or for good, according to the councils which regulate the disposal of space. Left to ordinary "laws of demand and supply," which are no laws at all, but rather the mere operation of cause and effect, land will of course rise in price with the increase of population; and as population increases so does poverty. People talk as foolishly of economic "laws" as they talk of the "laws of nature." It is, perhaps, natural to make as much profit out of everything as we can; to "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market," for instance, which might mean getting hold of land by clever bargaining, running up cheap tenements, and letting them at high rents. But it has been found that if this sort of thing pays the individual, it does not pay society.

Admirable as are the constructive arrangements of the new Sandringham Buildings in Soho, persons accustomed to spacious dwellings, with rooms for retirement and privacy, will see matter for melancholy thought even in these greatly improved dwellings. Those who are soon to inhabit them will be less huddled together than in the old wretched lodgings; but the need for which Harriet Martineau contended, the need of a little loneliness and opportunity for silent thought, can never be satisfied in poor families who live under conditions perhaps inevitable but certainly sad. We must all make the best of our lot, and teach others to do the same. But how can a growing family live in three, or even four, rooms without some sacrifice of purity and lowering of moral tone?

The Prince and Princess of Wales are doing all they can to enliven the gloom of the latter end of the season. The fiat has gone forth that there are to be no Drawing-rooms, and Levées are only held under protest; but, after that of the other day, there was a little party of quite young folk and those not very much older. The birthday of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Wales was celebrated with a garden party given at Marlborough House. The Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family were present, with many of the nobility; and a variety of entertainments were provided, including part of Mr. Charles Du Val's popular recitations, called at St. James's Hall "Odds and Ends."

We have lately given several instances of women scaling the heights of learning and science. Here is another gratifying case. At London University this year the degree of Doctor of Science, perhaps the most distinguished the University can grant, has been for the first time obtained by a lady, Mrs. Sophia Bryant, daughter of the late Rev. W. Willcock, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. This result is the more remarkable as in the special branch selected by Mrs. Bryant—mental and moral science—only one man has hitherto been passed by the examiners. It is also worthy of notice that Mrs. Bryant's work for the University degrees has been carried on simultaneously with teaching of a high order, attended with considerable success, as mathematical mistress at the North London Collegiate School for Girls. This fact is an answer to much of the current questioning as to overwork for women. There is the further satisfaction (the greatest of all) in knowing that in this lady's case at least, as indeed in many other instances which have come within the writer's ken, this application to hard study on the part of ladies has not been accompanied, as persons are apt to think it is, by the neglect of household duties or any loss of womanly sweetness and grace. The learned ladies one happens to know are as domestically inclined, and as "buxom, blithe, and debonair" as the most unlearned of their sex. We hope to be able to give Mrs. Bryant's portrait next week.

Another feather in the cap of the fair sex is the fact that Miss E. M. Swain, the daughter of Professor Swain, of Queen's College, Birmingham, has been appointed resident dispenser at the Warneford Hospital, Leamington. The lady held her own against eighteen competitors, and is the pioneer of feminine dispensers, as no such appointment has ever been made before. The Warneford is universally recognised as one of the most important hospitals in the Midland counties.

The British Association is going to Canada this year, by way of breaking new ground. Our brethren in the Dominion are famed for their hospitality, so no doubt the savants will have a pleasant time of it.

The Bradlaugh case caused much searching of heart among the Judges who had to consider it. The story goes that one of them came to the conclusion that the junior member for Northampton was right in his earlier premises, and a learned brother was convinced of the opposite. The health of the Lord Chief Justice failed under the weight, and he was obliged to consider the subject in bed.

Northwood Park, Cowes, the scene of many a flirtation and many a game of lawn-tennis, has been purchased by Monsignor Petre for his large school of boys. They will be lucky fellows; but, all the same, the Garden Isle does not quite relish the prospect. "Hope told a flattering tale" about a hospitable tenant who would give hops, and other diversions; but that is all over now, and the rising generation of R.C.s will be masters of the situation.

The Henley Regatta was tolerably successful this year so far as society in general was concerned. Some of the higher lights were absent, but *la haute finance* was in full force. Oxford and Cambridge were about equally happy, and Eton came in for a fair share of honour. There was capital tea on board some of the house-boats, and the "Ark" was a realm of fun, whereof Mr. Lionel Brough was king. The pretty hostess was dressed in white canvas and cashmere, enlivened by a few piquant cats'-heads—not stuffed, but embroidered; Miss Kate Vaughan wore two shades of blue; Miss Lotta wore stripes of black and white, and supplied stars by her wit; and Mrs. John Wood was soberly attired in grey.

The late W. L. Leitch, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, was well known as an excellent story-teller, as well as a distinguished landscape painter. An interesting memoir of him has just been published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, of Glasgow, and is founded mainly on Leitch's autobiographical notes, memoranda, and letters. It is written by Mr. MacGeorge, a personal friend of the artist, and is full of interest as a record of early struggles and difficulties overcome by industry and perseverance. Many anecdotes are told by Leitch himself—such, for instance, as his first visit to the theatre, the name of the piece being "Mandeville, the False Friend; or, the Assassin of the Rock," which, though it was seen in Dunlop-street, Glasgow, smacks mightily of the Surrey and Coburg Theatres. Like Stanfield and Roberts, Leitch began his artistic career as a scene-painter. The volume contains many pleasing specimens of his drawings.

Mr. Macmillan recently gave an extensive garden party, at which some of his lions were present, and roared after a most amiable fashion. Among these was Mr. Thomas Hardy, who had torn himself from under the shadow of "the greenwood tree," in "Darset dear," for a hurried peep at the London season, such as it is. Lawn-tennis was played vigorously all the afternoon, but gave place to dancing as evening approached.

Among the qualities that make Countess Spencer an admirable wife for the representative of the British Crown in Ireland is her taste in dress. No matter how crude are the colours worn by the women who surround her, she always shines by virtue of a quiet elegance that is as unique as it is modest. A few days ago she appeared at a ball in Belfast in an exquisite combination of steel tinted and shrimp pink satin. All the fringes and ornaments were of cut steel, and, by way of adding a finishing touch, she wore one pink and one grey glove, while the diamonds round her throat were intermingled with pink and grey ribbons.

The tea-kettle is the emblem of domesticity, and Robin Redbreast, who in winter hops cheerily about door and window-sills, perhaps grows familiar with the traditions of our hearths and homes. In a Derbyshire village, at the present time, there is a robin's nest in a disused tea-kettle, which had been thrown aside into a garden hedge, and in it a cheery pair of these birds of good omen are diligently ministering to the wants of a noisy family of five. Who will say that the loving couple did not build with a keen appreciation of all that is snug and cosy?

Birmingham boasts of a bookseller named Downing whose business is chiefly of an antiquarian nature, and who is fitly located at the sign of the Chaucer's Head in New-street. He is just undertaking a labour of love in issuing reprints of the best of the old pamphlets published at or relating to the town; and as he knows that they will only be appreciated by a faithful few is preparing but fifty copies of each. They will be elegantly got up, and carefully annotated with short introductions for the benefit of modern readers. The initial volume will be "The Loyal Oration," which appeared in 1717, and was the first book ever printed in Birmingham. Bibliophiles are already on the alert, and it is probable that in a few years the reprints will be as scarce as the originals.

It is not only in London that sales of *objets d'art* have been going on, for within the last week or two a couple of small but valuable collections have fallen to the auctioneer's hammer in Derby. The first belonged to the late Mr. John Haslem, who probably knew more about the Old Derby China Works than any other man. It comprised about a hundred pieces of china, sixty of which were Old Derby and the rest Pinxton, Church Gresley, Nantgarw, Coalport, and Worcester; and also a number of enamels, all painted by the owner. Fairly high prices were realised, and buyers came from all parts of England and Scotland.

The second collection was Mr. W. W. Winter's, and consisted chiefly of Old Crown Derby, embracing specimens by most of the best workmen. There were also some fine bits of Old Worcester and Chelsea; and though the connoisseurs, who were present in full force, can hardly be said to have secured bargains, they added largely to their treasures.

The game of billiards has taken so high a rank amongst indoor sports, that any treatise upon the subject from the pen of a master will be gladly hailed by all amateurs. There are few men so qualified to speak with authority as Mr. W. Cook, the champion, and he has proved by his book—entitled "Billiards," which is published by Burroughes and Watts, of Soho-square—that he is as capable of explaining the science of the game as he is of making those wonderful "breaks" for which he is noted. Mr. Cook, like all true teachers, commences with the alphabet of the game, and insists upon the importance of what the novice may deem the trivial question of how to hold the cue; how to make the bridge with the thumb and fingers of the left hand, the position of the body, and the swing of the arm. These hints to beginners are the bases upon which he builds the science of the game, and thence he proceeds by easy stages to instruction as to how to make easy cannons, winning and losing hazards, &c. One piece of advice will

be of the greatest possible service, not only to learners, but to many who have advanced some stages in the game, and that is to bear in mind that a good player will never, in his eagerness to accomplish the stroke immediately under his eye, lose sight of the probable position of the ball after the stroke. "Position" is, in fact, "the thing to play for" if large breaks are to be made. The explanations of the various positions and strokes, which are in themselves very lucid, are still further illustrated by some excellent coloured diagrams and photographs, and the book itself may be considered as an *édition de luxe*, as no expense seems to have been spared in its production. Mr. A. G. Payne, who edits the work, gives some interesting information respecting the construction of billiard tables and the paraphernalia of the game, which will be useful to persons about to choose a table.

Can it be true that the reference library and reading-rooms in connection with the Grosvenor Gallery have been closed to ladies? If so, it is rather hard on the maids and matrons of "greenery gallery" proclivities, especially when they have paid their subscriptions like men, and fondly expected equal privileges.

Relics of Trafalgar's fight are neither few nor far between at Portsmouth; but one of them, the anchor of the Victory, seems to be in evil plight. It is in an obscure spot, and the inscription is nearly illegible from dirt and ill-usage. Why should it not be placed on the Common, which has recently been glorified by the Corporation into a spruce recreation-ground? Thousands of soldiers and sailors would look at it with pride, and feel their souls stirred within them to deeds of "derring do" by the sight.

It may not be generally known that the Kyre Society takes its name from the Man of Ross immortalised by Pope, whose good deeds are still remembered in his native town, though his grave is unmarked by monument or inscription. He rejoiced in the name of John Kyre; and, on the modest income of £500 a year, contrived to make many public improvements, as well as to carry out private schemes of charity.

Great guns cost an incredible amount of money, and it is nothing uncommon for them to "go wrong" at the eleventh hour. This is the case with the 43-ton guns with which the barbettes in H.M.S. Collingwood are to be armed. In one experiment there was a weakness in the saddle carrying the breech-piece, and in another the obdurator, or asbestos gas check, was in fault. The Portsmouth Dock-yard authorities were nonplussed; so, on the principle that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, Admiral Brandreth, Controller of the Navy, and Mr. George Rendel, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, went down to inspect last week. The result of their observations has not yet transpired.

A delightful ball was given last Friday by the Sub-Lieutenants of the Royal Naval College at Southsea and their brother officers in the Pavilion of the South Parade Pier. About three hundred guests were present, including the principal naval and military men of the vicinity and their families. Women, in matters of dress, frequently offend deeply against masculine taste, and on this occasion the wearers of coloured striped bodices over white skirts came in for a great many uncomplimentary epithets. Lady Willis, the wife of the General Commander-in-Chief, looked remarkably well in black lace and gray brocade.

Here is a batch of art items.—Under the title of "Academy Sketches" (W. H. Allen and Co.), Mr. Blackburn has issued this year, as he did last, a supplemental volume of sketches of pictures in the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, which very agreeably fulfills the intention of giving something like a complete impression of the art of the year. "The United States Art-Directory" (Cassell and Co.) is a useful guide to American artists and art societies. It is illustrated with numerous sketches from pictures recently exhibited. "The Magazine of Art" contains, among other matters of interest, a well-executed engraving of what is certainly the best picture in the current exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours—"Among the Missing," by Walter Langley. "The Art-Journal" has an agreeable variety in its table of contents, but some of the subjects are inadequately treated. Alnwick Castle was worthy of better illustrations. We have received three numbers of "Poynter's South Kensington Drawing-Book" (Blackie and Son), containing excellent examples for the student in drawing the figure. The June number of "Artists at Home" contains portraits and views of the studios of G. F. Watts, R.A., W. H. Thorneycroft, A.R.A., W. F. Yeames, R.A., and J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Considering that this is a purely artistic work, it is surprising that the artists represented have not exercised a more beneficial control over the arrangement and production of the pictures. "A System of Elementary Drawing," with illustrations and examples, by W. H. Cubley (Chapman and Hall), is intended to supply correct information to students in national and village schools, or others who are beyond the reach of a master. The examples are well selected, and the instructions are conveyed in clear and simple language.

There are, apparently, no limits to the speed at which we may travel within the bounds of our tight little island, though we shall never persuade the powers that rule any foreign lines to follow our example. The South-Eastern Railway Company is said to be building locomotives that will take trains from London to Folkestone in less than an hour. Considering that the distance is seventy-one miles, this is terrific, and only too likely to become "the pace that kills."

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Eighty-four (from Jan. 5 to June 28, 1884) of the Illustrated London News can be had GRATIS through any newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

In the days when your humble servant was—well, not precisely “a little tiny boy,” as the Fool sings in the Epilogue to “Twelfth Night”—but a very young man, I remember that I came to town once (“with hey, ho, the wind and the rain”) from Liverpool and alighted at a “private hotel” (which was a kind of concealed coffee-shop) in the wilds of Finsbury. I got very little sleep at that private hotel. Nearly all night long there was audible above my head the sound of Human Boots—that is to say, of boots with human feet in them, ceaselessly “stomping” up and down. About six in the morning I fell into an uneasy slumber; but even then I dreamed of the ghost of the Commendatore in “Don Giovanni” “stomping” in his stoney greaves up the staircase of the Libertine’s palace. At breakfast I met a middle-aged gentleman, with a red head, and much pitted with the small-pox. “I hope that I did not disturb anybody,” quoth, incidentally, the middle-aged gentleman, “but I could not sleep last night. I could not rest. I had not the heart to undress. I could only pace the room, thinking on the atrocious tergiversation of Lord John Russell with reference to the Maynooth Grant.” The politician with the red head might have taken off his boots, though, confound him!

Dear readers, have any of you lost any sleep, suffered any loss of appetite, shed any tears, or vented any sighs in consequence of the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords? Has anybody, indeed, seriously “fashed” himself about that measure one way or the other? I saw Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., in the stalls at the Lyceum on Tuesday the Eighth inst. It is Mr. Labouchere’s public and Parliamentally expressed desire to abolish the House of Peers. Unless I am mistaken, the senior member for Northampton was talking to a noble Lord in the dress-circle corridor on Tuesday, and subsequently discussed an amicable cigarette with him. Perhaps they even partook of a lemon squash together. Who, being in his sober senses, wants to abolish the House of Lords, in our time? Were it suddenly to vanish (as the newly-created Turkish Chamber of Deputies did after 1877) it, would be necessary to invent another Second Chamber. Cromwell found, at last, that he could not dispense with Peers, and invented his “Harp” Lords.

When I hear all this foolish prating about the abrogation of the hereditary branch of the Legislature, I am reminded of the old story of the Spanish litigants. Don Esteban and Don Jaime had been at law for years, and had carried their case from court to court, to the great joy of the lawyers. One day Don Esteban, who was the plaintiff, met Don Jaime, the defendant, in the street. “How is it, Caballero,” he asked, with haughty politeness, “that you have not given notice of appeal against the recent decision of the Third Tribunal in your disfavour?” “Alas!” replied the defendant, “the case must drop. I am ruined. I have spent my whole estate in feeing the lawyers.” “Hombre!” cried the plaintiff. “Why did you not tell me? Here are a hundred pistoles. Go and enter an appeal at once.” The British nation are bound to see that the litigation between the Lords and Commons does not come to an abrupt termination. The lawsuit must be kept up; and, for my part, I hope that the two Houses will continue to lead a cat-and-dog life for many centuries. For a well-trained cat and dog will eat out of the same plate; and it is only occasionally that they have a tussle, for which neither Pussy nor Fizgig is much the worse.

There is very little if any benefit to be obtained from reading the doleful speeches delivered by noble Lords in opposition on the evening when the Franchise Bill was rejected in the Upper House, because it is tolerably certain that, in this case, History will repeat itself, and the bill will become, sooner or later, the law of the land. It is much more serviceable, and a great deal more entertaining, to turn to the report of the concluding debate on the first Reform Bill in the House of Lords on the Fourth of June, 1832—a debate at the conclusion of which the third reading of the bill was carried by a majority of eighty-four.

The Earl of Winchelsea lamented over the downfall of the Constitution and the destruction of that House as an independent branch of the Legislature. After a pause of some length, the Lord Chancellor (Harry Brougham) put the question, when the Earl of Harrowby rose and said that, in a House of Parliament in a sister country, a member, having addressed some question to the Government and received no answer, suddenly exclaimed, “Am I addressing an Irish Senate or a Turkish Divan. Are we to be strangled by mutes?” He (Lord Harrowby) was aware of the degradation to which that House had sunk; but he was not prepared that the noble Earl (Grey) should so plainly show his sense of that degradation as not to vouchsafe a reply to the speech they had just heard. . . . The mere introduction of the Reform Bill struck a severe blow at the independence of that House. . . . Posterity would condemn the present proceedings. He could not envy the triumph which enabled the Ministry to trample on the Crown and the House of Lords by fostering a power which would soon trample on them (Cheers).

“Soon!” This despondent prophecy was uttered in June, 1832. In November, 1834, a Conservative Administration was in power.

I have, perhaps, too optimist a friend who has lived in many lands and seen many varieties of political rule, and who is wont to maintain (he is an obstinate friend) that, whether a Conservative or a Liberal Ministry hold sway in England, we have the very best government in the whole world. That is what the *St. James’s Gazette* of July 3 says of the government, not of England, but of the metropolis thereof. In a characteristic article in opposition to Sir William Harcourt’s bill my brilliant contemporary observes—“The first thing to notice and to keep steadily in view is the singular practical success of the London system under its irregular exterior. London is incomparably the best administered, the best drained, the best cleansed, the best lighted of the great cities of the world.” And so say all of us! The best administered. Hurrah for the vestries! Three cheers for the ubiquity of the police, the entire disappearance of burglars, garotters, pickpockets, “confidence trick”-sharers

and night-prowlers! The best cleaned. Certainly. Look at the condition of Seven Dials and of Covent Garden Market, with the vegetable refuse rotting in heaps in the July sun at three o’clock in the afternoon. The “bitter cry of Outcast London” is in reality a paean of joy and gratitude, and we are all going to the Elysian Fields (or to a Fool’s Paradise), and the editor of the *St. James’s Gazette* is of the company.

Mr. Bernard H. Becker, in his delightfully vivacious and observant “Holiday Haunts by Cliff-side and River-side,” just published by Mr. Bentley, has some very pleasant pages on the South of France, and when he reaches Marseilles has, of course, a great deal to say about *bouillabaisse*. Mr. Becker favours his readers with a recipe for the famous “Provençal fish stew” (in reality it is not a stew, but a soup), which recipe labours under the serious defect of being entirely useless to those who wish to know how *bouillabaisse* is made. The author of “Holiday Haunts” merely gives the ingredients, adding merely directions to the cook to wash and clean his fish in sea-water, and concluding “cuire vivement pendant sept minutes.”

“Cuire” what? The fish? They are only a part of *bouillabaisse*. The foundation of the mess is a broth or stock, of bony fish, conger, vegetables, and sweet herbs, and this will take at least twenty-five minutes to boil down (note *bouille-abaisse*) before the pieces of fish are added. And then the fish must boil for some minutes—the maximum, fifteen. In once more reverting to *bouillabaisse*, it may not be amiss to repeat that its renown among English people is almost entirely factitious, and due to admiration for Mr. Thackeray’s beautiful (but untechnical) ballad; that although the Marseilles hotel and restaurant keepers are cunning enough to put very little garlic into the *bouillabaisse* which they serve to their English patrons, the dish, to be in Provençal perfection, should have the *haut goût*, which means that it should reek with garlic; and that with such a *haut goût* it would be intolerably distasteful to most English ladies.

“F. M.” (Bergsteiggasse, Vienna), propounds to me the following weighty queries:—

(1). Can you be so kind as to tell me if there is any history of stays or corsets, or any book at all on the subject? (2). Is there any place where men are generally sensible enough to wear this most comfortable of all articles of dress, and where mothers do their boys the great kindness to train their figures in stays, and overcome the absurd prejudice against male stay-wearing? (3). What is the proper age in which to put in a boy his first earrings?

We will take the books about corsets first. More than thirty years ago Madame Roxey Caplin published a work entitled “Health and Beauty; or, Corsets and Clothing” (London: Darton and Co.). It is copiously illustrated with lithographic pictures of a “staying” kind. The authoress was a “hygienic corsetière” in Berners-street, or Newman-street, I think. The archaeology of corsets is treated at length in Quicherat’s “Histoire du Costume en France.” Much curious information touching corsets will also be found in the “Draper’s Dictionary” (*Warehouseman and Draper’s Journal*, Aldersgate-street), and in Planché’s “Cyclopædia of Costume.” See also Fairholt, “Madre Natura,” by “Luke Limner,” and Mrs. H. R. Haweis’ “Art of Dress” (London, Chatto and Windus, 1879). There is also an illustrated book on the Corset published some few years since by Messrs. Ward and Lock. I have it somewhere on my shelves, but cannot put my hand upon it just now, and have forgotten its name.

After you have consulted these works, my Viennese friend, I should advise you to turn to a book called “Diseases of the Spine and Chest,” by Mr. C. H. Rogers Harrison, M.R.C.S., published by Churchill two-and-forty years ago. In Mr. Harrison’s book (which has been liberally cribbed from by more modern and more pretentious writers on the subject) you will find a long and appalling list of diseases directly or remotely resulting from tight-lacing. And it may interest you, Viennese Herr, to learn that among the medical authorities who have inveighed against the evil of tight corsets are sages bearing such names as Soemmering, Müller, Grüne, Camper, Brinckmann, Platner, Bollexerd, Peltner, Reinhardt, Wormes, Schnitzlein, Bacher, Mohrenheim, Diebold, Richter, Ludwig, and Hannes. To tell a Teuton anything about stays is, I should think, a sending of coals to Newcastle indeed.

As for “any place where men are generally sensible enough to wear stays,” I can only say that I have now and again seen newspaper advertisements, illustrated with woodcuts of male corsets, and that there is no accounting for taste. French military officers, it used to be said, frequently wore stays when their figures showed a tendency to stoutness. A French Major is usually stout. Finally, as regards male earrings, I can only say that gypsies often, and sailors sometimes, wear such ornaments; and that I wore earrings myself, as a child, nearly fifty years ago, and can distinctly feel now the tiny indurations in the lobes of my ears where they were pierced by a goldsmith in the Regent’s Quadrant. Cost my parents and guardians three half-crowns, inclusive of the gold wires. I had had my head shaved shortly before being ringed, and had been otherwise “gehennaed,” with a view (I was blind) to getting back my sight for me. Had the earring experiment any scientific warrant, or was it due to simple superstition?

I am sorry to learn that my Viennese correspondent is in favour of stays. When last I paid a flying visit to the Kaiserstadt, returning from Moscow, in June last year, I thought that I had never beheld lovelier busts than those of the Viennese ladies; and I vainly fancied that the exquisite symmetry of their *corsages* was due to the artistic cutting thereof, possibly by male cutters. It is dreadful to think that there should be any tight-lacing in the Ringstrasse or in the Prater.

Since the memorable occasion when the letter-carrier expired (figuratively speaking) on my doorstep (he came to life again on the ensuing Boxing Day), borne down by an

intolerable load of correspondence touching the beautiful lines written by Lord Palmerston on the death of his first wife from consumption; or perhaps since the time, nearly as well remembered, when I had Pelions upon Ossas of epistles hurled at me in reference to the authorship of “The Whole Duty of Man,” I can scarcely recall a heavier shower of letters than that which has beaten down on me about the proverb “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.” Very many of my correspondents contend that the locution is merely an anonymous English proverb of great antiquity, and that its original form was “Cleanliness is next to Goodliness”—“goodliness being taken in the sense of comeliness, or well-favouredness;” and this reading of the saying would suggest the moral, “All cannot be beautiful, but all can be clean; and to be clean is next to being beautiful or goodly.”

“W. B.,” writing from Mozambique, East Coast, South Africa, remarks that in an impression of this journal dated April 5 he found an allusion to “some Highland caterans,” and that on turning to his new edition of Webster, revised by Porter and Goodrich (1877), he could find no trace of “cateran.” But I find “cateran” defined in the edition of Webster for 1880. I am “sair overhanded” by people who complain that they cannot find words in dictionaries.

And the ladies and gentlemen who are so very anxious to know the orthography of certain words! How often am I to repeat that I never learned to spell, that I am unacquainted with the laws of English spelling, and that I am consequently the untrustworthiest of guides on the matter of orthography. Seven-and-twenty years ago, in a book which I took the liberty of writing, called “Twice Round the Clock,” I remarked—

I declare that, to this day, I do not know one rule out of five in Lindley Murray’s grammar. I can spell decently because I can draw; and the power (not the knowledge) of spelling correctly is concurrent with the capacity for expressing the images before us more or less graphically and symmetrically. It isn’t how a word *ought* to be spelt: it is how it looks on paper that decides the speller.

But in vain do I reason with my correspondents. Here is one, “W. B.,” (Edgbaston), who would be so very much obliged if I would tell him which is the correct way of spelling “carcase.” In some dictionaries he finds the word spelt “carcase”; in others “carrass.” Both ways are correct, I should say. The last is the more accurate, I suppose, if we derive the word from the French “carrasse.” Dr. South speaks of a man “pampering his own carrass”; and Shakespeare has “the carcasses of many a tall ship.” Spencer writes—

To blot the honour of the dead,  
And with foul cowardice his *carrass* shame.

Milton writes of “carrasses and arms,” and Dryden of “shipwrecked carcasses.” In the authorised version of the Scriptures we have *carrases* (Genesis xv. ii. *et alibi*); but in an old black-letter Bible in my possession (the titlepage is wanting, so that I know not its date) Gen. xv. ii. is rendered:—“And when the fowles came downe on the *carrases* Abram drove them away.” There seems to have been older English forms of “carrase” or “carrass” in “carquays” and “carkeys.” Even at the present day, if you listen to a scolding-match between two women of the rough class you will probably hear a disparaging allusion, by one virago, to the “carkiss” of her antagonist. We are a very odd people, and some of the oldest forms of English (worthy Mr. Pegge found that out long ago) are to be found in the speech of the very humblest of our urban and rural population. Mr. Pegge, in his essay on the Cockney Dialect, went so far as to hold that the “Woa!” the waggoner’s warning to his horse, was only a dim survival of the “hola!” of the marshmen at the mediæval tournaments when they threw down their staves as a for monition those jousting to stop.

For all this, “carrass,” I grant, has an antiquated look. Try it on your blotting-pad, and contrast it with “carrase.” Kelly’s Post Office London Directory speaks of “carrase” not “carrass” butchers. Let us follow the lead of the Post Office London Directory. Mrs. Cowden Clarke has also, I perceive, modernised Shakespeare’s “carrasses” into “carrases.” The spelling of the word had been so modernised, long before, by Theobald; but Bailey, quoting Shakespeare, writes “carrass.” I think that I have said enough on this head to show that the quest for what is called “correct spelling” of English, is about as difficult a task as the search for a four-leaved shamrock.

You know the English version of “Lucretius on the Nature of Things,” in Bohn’s Classical Library? The titlepage announces that the book is “literally translated into English prose by the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., Head-Master of the Proprietary Grammar School, Stockwell.” If you have the book on your shelves, paste inside the cover a cutting from some London newspaper of July 8, to the effect that on July 7, at Parkhurst Convict Prison, an inquest was held on the body of the Rev. John Selby Watson, who was convicted in 1872 of the murder of his wife, and whose death-sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. It appeared that during the night of June 29 the deceased fell out of his hammock, striking his head against some object on the floor, and sustaining injuries from which, on July 6, he died. I never had the slightest doubt that this unfortunate gentleman, at the time when he committed his fearful crime, was as mad as Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Spencer Perceval. Bellingham, by-the-way, was hanged.

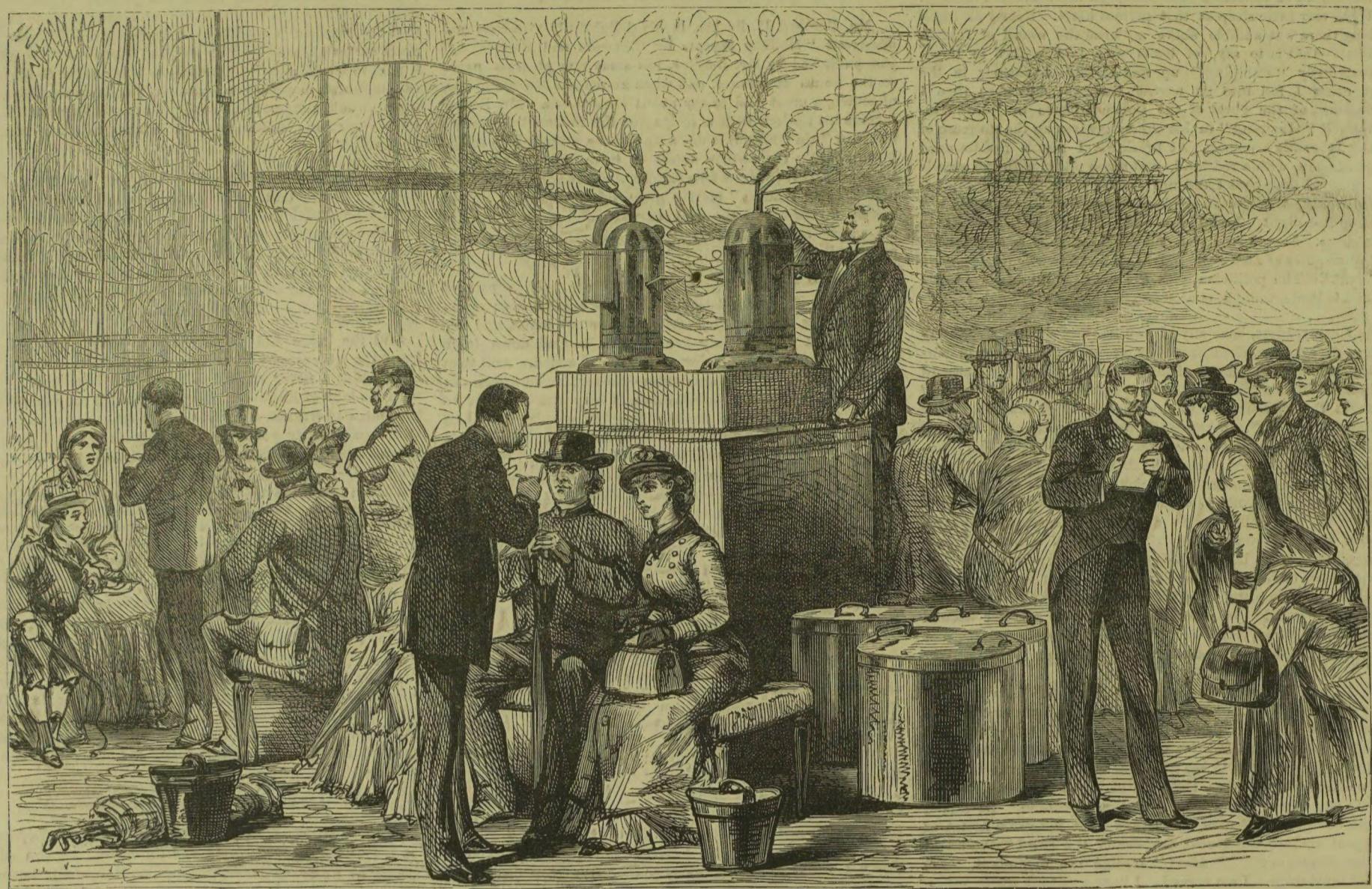
I have often wondered whether, in the awful solitude of his dungeon, the unhappy man ever meditated over a passage in his own version of Lucretius:—

Do you now see, therefore, that although external force drives along many men (that is, often drives men along), and compels them frequently to go forwards against their will, and to be hurried away headlong, yet there is something in our breast which can struggle against and oppose it; according to the direction of which, also, the aggregate of matter within us is at times obliged to be guided throughout our several limbs and members, and when driven forward is curbed and sinks down into rest.

The external force which drove the unfortunate Mr. Watson headlong to the commission of a hideous homicide were over study, domestic disquiet, the toil of a literary hack, in addition to the travail of a schoolmaster, the dread of dismissal from his post, and the sickening fear of poverty. And the something within the heart which could struggle against and oppose—which could curb and check and lull to rest the impulse to shed blood was, for the moment, lacking.

G. A. S.

T H E C H O L E R A P A N I C I N F R A N C E.



PASSENGERS FROM TOULON AND MARSEILLES FUMIGATED AT THE PARIS STATION OF THE LYONS AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.



CHOLERA QUARANTINE AT MARSEILLES: OFFICERS OF THE SHIPS IN DETENTION, VISITED BY WIVES AND CHILDREN.

## SKETCHES AT THE HENLEY REGATTA.



## BIRTHS.

On the 19th ult., at Dean Cottage, Southampton, the wife of Richard Gould, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 6th inst., at 42, Portland-place, W., the wife of Arthur L. Raphael, of a daughter.

On the 6th inst., at Townhope, near Hereford, the wife of Frederick Ord Gadsden, prematurely, of a son, stillborn.

## MARRIAGE.

At St. Paul's Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 4, 1884, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, assisted by the Rev. H. Green, E. Taylor English, of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, to Harriette Angelo, eldest daughter of Major R. J. Evans, late 16th Regiment.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 19.

SUNDAY, JULY 13. Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Morning Lessons: I. Sam. xv. 1-24; Acts xvii. 16. Evening Lessons: I. Sam. xvi. or xvii.; Matt. vi. 1-19.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.

Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m.

St. James's, noon, Rev. A. L. B. Peile.

Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. Canon Tinling; 3 p.m., Rev. W. Hulton. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. J. E. Weldon; 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. S. Leathes.

MONDAY, JULY 14. Levée to be held by the Prince of Wales, St. James's, 2 p.m.

National Rifle Association, Wimbleton Meeting: shooting begins.

Royal Agricultural Society, annual meeting at Shrewsbury (five days).

National Hospital for Paralysed, Bloomsbury, meeting for completion of new building, Willis's Rooms, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair.

National French Fête.

TUESDAY, JULY 15. St. Swithin.

Moon's last quarter, 9.30 p.m.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—SCOTLAND.—Summer Service of Trains to Scotland by the MIDLAND ROUTE. The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m. from St. Pancras) will commence running on July 21.

Down Trains—Week Days.

London (St. Pancras) .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Glasgow (St. Enoch) .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Greenock .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Edinburgh (Waverley) .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Perth .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Oban .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Aberdeen .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Inverness .. dep. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

A.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.30 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. B.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Saturday nights has no connection with Greenock, Oban, or places north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.

C.—Pullman Sleeping-Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D.—Pullman Drawing-Room Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E.—Pullman Sleeping-Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow Daily, also to Greenock except on Saturday nights.

These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. First Class Passengers travel in the Drawing-room Cars attached to Day Trains without extra payment. For Berth in Sleeping-Car the charge is 5s. in addition to the First Class fare.

The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 p.m. reaches Greenock in time to enable Passengers to join the COLUMBIA or 10/NA steamers for the Highlands. A Through Carriage is run from LONDON to Greenock by this Train; also by the 10.30 a.m. from St. Pancras.

For particulars of Up-Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company.

JOHN NOBLE, General Manager, Midland Railway. Derby, July, 1884.

SCOTLAND, by the WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The SUMMER SERVICE OF PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON TO SCOTLAND is now in operation.

Week Days.

London (Euston) .. a.m. .. a.m. .. a.m. .. p.m. .. p.m. .. p.m.

Edinburgh .. dep. .. 5.30 .. 7.15 .. 10.0 .. 11.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.50 .. 9.0

Glasgow .. dep. .. 5.30 .. 7.15 .. 10.0 .. 11.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.50 .. 9.0

Greenock .. dep. .. 5.30 .. 7.15 .. 10.0 .. 11.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.50 .. 9.0

Oban .. dep. .. 5.30 .. 7.15 .. 10.0 .. 11.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.50 .. 9.0

Perth .. dep. .. 5.30 .. 7.15 .. 10.0 .. 11.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.50 .. 9.0

Dundee .. dep. .. 7.30 .. 8.0 .. 10.30 .. 11.0 .. 9.0 .. 9.0 .. 12.0

Aberdeen .. dep. .. 10.10 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 2.15

Inverness .. dep. .. 10.10 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 8.0 .. 6.20

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night (Saturdays excepted), and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards.

From July 14 to Aug. 11 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional Express-Train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This train will convey special parties, horses, and carriages.

A does not run to Greenock or Oban on Sunday mornings.

B Does not run beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow on Sunday mornings.

Day saloons fitted with lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10 a.m. down express train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

## CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

The line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of up-train service from Scotland to London, see the Companies' time bills.

July, 1884.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N. W. Railway.

J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-Road) and Liverpool-street.

Return Tickets from London available for eight days.

Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.

Improved Train Services.

Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.

BRIGHTON.—Cheap Day Tickets every Weekday.

From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE.

Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge, Weekdays 10.10 a.m., and Sundays 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

From Victoria, Weekdays 9.55 a.m., and Sundays 9.20 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

From Kensington (Addison-road), Weekdays 9.40 a.m., and Sundays 9.10 a.m.

Fares, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEKDAY AS UNDER:—

Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.

Saturday, July 12. Dep. 8.45 a.m. Dep. 8.45 a.m. Arr. 6.40 p.m.

Monday, " 14 " 10.0 .. .. 10.15 .. .. 7.45 .. .. 7.50 ..

Tuesday, " 15 " 10.0 .. .. 10.15 .. .. 7.45 .. .. 7.50 ..

Wednesday, " 16 " 10.30 .. .. 10.45 .. .. 8.25 .. .. 8.30 ..

Thursday, " 17 " 10.25 p.m. .. .. 1.30 p.m. .. .. 11.45 .. .. 12.00 ..

Friday, " 18 " 1.25 .. .. 1.30 .. .. 11.45 .. .. 12.00 ..

EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE.—From Victoria, 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.0 p.m., every Weekday and Sunday.

Fares—London to Paris and back 1st Class, 2nd Class, 3rd Class.

Available for Return within One Month £2.15s. od. £1.19s. od.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.

The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 32 hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hoy's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Lodge-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

—(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Alpine Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the St. Gotthard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lit, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Caygill's Offices.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An IMPROVED SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felix-towe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are ISSUED by all Trains.

Tourist Tickets are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.

A Cheap Day Trip to the Seaside, by Excursion Train from Liverpool-street to Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Harwich, every Sunday at 6.40 a.m., and every Monday at 7 a.m., calling at Stratford. Fares, 8s., 6s., 4s.

For full Particulars see Bills and the Company's Time-books.

WILLIAM BIX, General Manager.

London, July, 1884.

officials in doing whatever can be done; and several of the remaining ships are used as hospitals. We give an Illustration of the view at Mississy, a part of the naval port; the arsenal and town lie farther to the right hand. At Marseilles, where ships of every class, arriving from the East, are compelled to undergo quarantine, the affecting scene represented in our Illustration is that of two young married men, officers of the merchant service, who are here detained in confinement, allowed to see their wives and children only through prison bars. The passenger traffic on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, which is familiar to every British tourist going through France to Switzerland or to Italy, is now subjected to extraordinary regulations. All persons arriving in Paris from Toulon or Marseilles are obliged to undergo the process of disinfection, performed by inhaling for half an hour, in a waiting-room at the railway-station, the vapour of a solution of pulverised "sulphate of nitrosyle," heated in large urns by the flame of a spirit-lamp, as is shown in our Engraving of this subject. The floor of the room is covered with fresh sawdust, which is swept up and carried away, to be burnt, immediately after the withdrawal of a batch of passengers. Their luggage is opened, and the contents spread out and fumigated. The fumes of the vapour are not at all disagreeable to breathe. The process is superintended by agents of the Government Health Commission and of the Municipal Laboratory of Paris.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?

Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 1s. 1s. Hall-marked, with crest, 4s. Manual of Heraldry, 40s. Engravings, 8s. 9d.

T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY

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VISITING CARDS by CULLETON.—Fifty best quality,

2s. 6d., post-free, including the Engraving of Copper Plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 5s. Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 1s. 6d.

T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

VITREMANIE.—An easy and inexpensive method of

decorating windows in churches, public buildings, and private houses, by which may be produced the rich colouring and beautiful designs equal in appearance to real stained glass. Handbook of Designs and Full Instructions, 1s. 1d. Particulars post-free. Windows decorated to order from 3s. per foot.

Sole Inventors, J. BARNARD and SON, 233, Oxford-street, London, W.

ENAMEL COLOURS, GUTTA PERCHA, and every

requisite for imitating Dresden China.

Lists free.

J. BARNARD and SON, 233, Oxford-street, W.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 36, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

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## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The specialty of last week was the first performance this season of Rossini's "Semiramide," with Madame Adelina Patti in the title-character. This was one of the parts in serious opera in which Madame Patti developed tragic powers that could scarcely have been foreseen in her earlier charming impersonations in musical comedy. Again last week the florid music of Rossini (frequently too florid for the dramatic situation) was sung to perfection; the bravura air, "Bel raggio," having been a special display of brilliant vocalisation. The co-operation of Madame Scalchi as Arsace was again an important feature of the cast, the duet, "Ebben, a te ferisci," for the two characters named, having been exquisitely rendered. Signor de Reszke gave the music of Assur with fine effect, and acted with impressive dignity.

This week's performances opened with "Don Giovanni," which was given for the first time this season. The comparatively subordinate character of Zerlina (that is, in its dramatic aspect) becomes of primary importance when sustained by Madame Adelina Patti, and this was again the case on Monday, when her vocalisation and her rendering of the dramatic features of the character were replete with charm and grace. Madame Fursch-Madi as Donna Anna made her first appearance this season, and sang with genuine dramatic feeling. Madame Laterner as Donna Elvira was rather over-weighted with her music. Signor Cotogni's Don Giovanni was the same careful performance as heretofore. Signor Marconi was an acceptable Don Ottavio, Signor Monti a respectable Leporello, and subordinate parts were efficiently filled.

On Tuesday "Rigoletto" was to have been given, for the benefit and last appearance this season of Madame Sembrich, who however was unable to appear in consequence of sudden indisposition. "Faust" was therefore substituted, with Madame Fursch-Madi as Margherita, and other characters sustained as recently. The production of an Italian version of M. Reyer's "Sigurd" stands announced for Tuesday next.

## GERMAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The series of performances which began on June 4 was announced to close yesterday (Friday) evening with a repetition of "Lohengrin."

The specialty of last week was the production of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." This opera was given, for the first time in England, by the German company at Drury Lane Theatre in 1882, when we spoke of it in detail. Of the book (Wagner's own, like those of all his "opera-dramas") it will now be sufficient to say that it is founded on the old legend of Tristan's mission to Ireland, on the part of his uncle, King Marke, of Cornwall, to bring over the beautiful Isolde as the King's bride. On some former occasion Tristan's life had been preserved by Isolde, and they had become mutually attached. Despair at her enforced marriage suggests poison. Both partake of the draught, which however has been changed by Isolde's attendant, Brangane, to a love-potion. Tristan honourably conveys Isolde to her destination, and she becomes the wife of King Marke. Stolen interviews between the lovers are detected, through the treachery of Melot, a courtier, by whom Tristan is seriously wounded. His trusty follower, Kurvenal, conveys him to his castle in Brittany, where Isolde follows him in the hope of saving his life. She comes too late, Tristan having, in his delirium, torn the bandages off his wound, living only long enough to recognise Isolde, who falls lifeless on his body—King Marke and his followers having also arrived, and Melot and Kurvenal being slain. The music is, naturally, throughout of a sombre character, and depends largely on the declamation and action of the stage performers, and on the rich and varied details of the orchestral scene. Last week's performance was exceedingly good in every respect. The characters of Isolde, Brangane, and Tristan, were finely sustained, respectively, by Fraulein Lehmann, Frau Luger, and Herr Gudehus—that of the King having been well filled by Herr Wiegand, as was that of Kurvenal by Herr Scheidemantel. The subordinate parts of Melot and the Shepherd were assigned to Herr Thate and Herr Schroeder. After having been suddenly postponed, and then disappearing altogether from the announcements, Mr. Stanford's "Savonarola" was promised for production this week. This event must be noticed by us hereafter.

The concert of the London Musical Society at St. James's Hall last week comprised a varied selection of music, old and new. The beautiful "Stabat Mater" of Baron D'Astorga (a work belonging to the beginning of last century) occupied the first part of the programme, the remainder of which comprised Brahms's vocal quartet "An die Heimath"; Schumann's "Spanische Liebes-Lieder," for four solo voices and obbligato pianoforte; madrigals, well sung by the choir; and piano-forte solos, skilfully played by Miss Marie Wurms, who was also an efficient accompanist to the vocal quartets, the singers in which (as in the "Stabat") were Misses C. Elliot and Wakefield, Herr von Zur-Mühlen, and Herr Friedmann. Mr. Hodge presided ably at the organ in the performance of the "Stabat," and Mr. Barnby conducted.

Madame Sainton-Dolby's second concert by the students of her Vocal Academy took place at Steinway Hall last week, when a varied selection of music, chiefly modern, was well rendered by the lady choristers and soloists.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a Students' Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when the excellent course of training pursued there was manifested in various ways. A "Serenade" for orchestra, by C. S. Macpherson (Balfe scholar), and a "Dramatic Scene," for chorus and solo voices, by F. K. Hattersley, were specialties in the programme, which included more or less meritorious vocal and instrumental performances, that of Miss W. Robinson, a very young lady violinist, having been of especial merit. Mr. Shakespeare conducted.

Herr Lehmyer gave his annual concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the programme comprised performances by himself and other pianists, in addition to a vocal selection.—At the same time Miss Mary Belval, a meritorious vocalist, gave a concert at the Princes' Hall.

Mr. George Watts' annual morning concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on Wednesday, drew a large attendance. The programme, although mostly consisting of familiar materials, was of strong and varied interest. Very effective vocal performances were given by Mdlles. Marimon and Tremelli, Madame Scalchi, Mr. Maas, Signor Foli, and other vocalists—Madame Sembrich and Madame Marie Roze having been prevented by indisposition from appearing. Madame Norman-Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé contributed their well-known skill, respectively, as violinist and pianist; and a special interest was given to the occasion by the fine recitations, in French and English, of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who gave, with great success, the "Scène de la Déclaration de Phédre," (Lacine), the poem, "Beruria," by Porte-Riche, and Moore's "The Last Rose of Summer." Instrumental pieces were effectively rendered by the "Original Hungarian Band."

Signor Di Giambattista, an accomplished pianist, gave an evening concert at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday evening, when he was assisted by several eminent artists.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Tuesday, July 8, was revived at the Lyceum Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night; or, What you Will," a drama enchanting to read, but the difficulty of playing which increases every time that the work is presented to the public. The plot is of a dual nature: one part being of an essentially romantic and fanciful order; while the second set of concurrent incidents was, until very recently, held to be of as essentially a comic and, indeed, buffoon character. The plot of the romantic part of "Twelfth Night" is, as everybody knows, borrowed from the Italian—either from a novel of Bandello, "Nieuola innamorata di Lattantio, v. a serva vestita da paggio; e dopo molti casi seco si marita, e ciò che ad suo fratello avvenne," or from Barnabie Riche's translation under the title of "Apollonius and Silla" of Bandello's tale, or from an Italian play called "Gl' Inganni." Those who hold from the ample internal evidence in his plays that Shakespeare not only spoke Italian, but had visited the cities of Venice, Verona, Mantua, and Padua, will be inclined to think that for the story of the serious part of "Twelfth Night" he went, not to an English source, but to the Peninsular fountain-head. While, although there is no direct testimony as to the origin of the comic episodes of the conspiracy of Maria and Fabian, aided by Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the Fool, against Malvolio, those who have read the curious papers in the early numbers of "Blackwood" on "The Italian Art of Hoaxing" will have little doubt, I should say, that the atrocious practical joke played on Olivia's steward is an Italian and not an English device. Sir Toby Belch is, it must be admitted, as characteristically English as Sir Walter's Sir Mungo Malagrowther is characteristically Scotch and Sheridan's Sir Lucius O'Trigger is characteristically Irish; while Maria is the prototype of hundreds of saucy English waiting-women, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek was in all probability the progenitor of the vapouring and cowardly Bob Acres. The "huffing" talk, the swaggering, the swashbuckling, the drunken orgies of the two knights and their worthy compeers, the Fool, are all minutely true to the manners of Elizabethan England; but the fraud practised on Malvolio is so dark, so tortuous, so deliberately treacherous and unscrupulous that one can scarcely imagine it to have been concocted by a knot of bibulous but merrily good-natured boon companions, who, for all their Italian localisation by the poet, represent types of character to be found, in his time, in most English country houses. Sir Toby Belch might be a brother-in-law of Sir John Falstaff, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek a cousin both of Master Slender and of Justice Shallow himself; and Malvolio, as the part has been ordinarily played, might be only a pompous and somewhat addle-pated English house steward, completely made a fool of by a graceless crew of practical jokers.

But it seems to have been reserved for the genius of Henry Irving to illustrate the entirely Italian character of the intrigue of which Malvolio is a victim, and to bring into most powerful relief the deeper nature of the "madly used" steward himself as an Italian who can be, when fully roused by injustice, as vindictive as Shylock—a Jew, truly, but a Levantine Jew—and as implacable as Othello. The letter written by Malvolio from his maniac's cell to his mistress, Olivia, is couched in no lackadaisical strain, but in one of noble indignation. He leaves his duty "a little unthought of" that he may "speak out his injury." When he is released, it is with no bated breath that he dwells upon his wrongs. His remonstrance to Olivia is stern, eloquent, and passionate; and when the scuril fool twists him with, "thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," the transformation of Malvolio seems to be complete. He does not slink from the stage a baffled and gulled simpleton. Those laugh the loudest who laugh last. Richelieu was tricked into assuming a fantastic garb, and footed a saraband before Anne of Austria; and merrily did the courtiers laugh to see the great Minister playing the fool; but it was with their heads off that many of these courtly persons had, not long afterwards, to grin. The saraband-dancer could exchange the fool's bauble for the glaive of the executioner. And so it is with Henry Irving as Malvolio. Bear his name in mind. The commentators say, I know not with what authority, that Malvolio is a happy adaptation from Malevolti in "Il Sacrificio." I cannot see that it is any adaptation at all. It is only the slightly misspelt *Mal Voglio*, I will evil. Stung to fury by the insolent quips and quiddities of the fool the evil will of the steward makes itself, with terrific force, manifest. "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you" he screams, rather than exclaims, as he rushes from the stage. When an Italian by the name of Mal-voglio vows that he will take vengeance on his enemies, it is clear that he means mischief. Olivia begins to be frightened. "He hath been most notoriously abused," she confesses. The politic Duke Orsino gives orders that the enraged steward shall be pursued and "brought to a peace." It would be as well for all parties, I should say, if Malvolio is pacified. The mischief which he may mean may take the form of the poniard or of the poison-bowl, or of calumny too horrible for contemplation. There is the making of an Iago in the outraged steward. Let Olivia and Sebastian, let Viola and Orsino beware. Quick loves have sometimes violent endings. The uncertainty in which the spectator is left as to what will be the future action of the duped steward is only another illustration of the wonderful genius of Shakespeare, who is never content with the illustration of the mere present, but has ever a finger pointing towards a pregnant although mysterious future. There is no nobler living expositor of Shakespearean thought and utterance in its every mood than Henry Irving; and his interpretation of Malvolio must be accounted one of his most strikingly original and impressive creations. Mr. George Meredith has made us familiar with the expression "Tragic Comedians"; and it is precisely as a Tragic Comedian that Mr. Irving places the character of Malvolio before us. Shakespeare incidentally alludes to the steward as a sort of Puritan. He did so probably to tickle the ears of the groundlings, who hated the Puritans. But Mr. Irving is a Puritan of the South, a precisian of the land of the cypress and myrtle, where the climatic influences "now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime." Outwardly, Olivia's steward, as portrayed in its newest and most artistic aspect at the Lyceum, in his sober attire and with his gold chain and wand of office, is as austere and courteous, as sternly serene as the Adelantado of the Seven Cities, but under the stiff doublet and starched ruff of this self-contained *major domo* there is a heart that can throb on occasion with the wildest passion. Beneath that scalp thinly thatched with grizzled locks there is a brain which can be tormented with the strangest fancies. Schlegel pointed out long ago that in most of his plays Shakespeare treats love more as an affair of the imagination than of the heart, but that in "Twelfth Night" he has taken care to remind us that, in his language, *fancy* signifies both fancy and love. A Loving Fancy governs the whole play. Olivia fancies Viola to be a man and loves the female page at once. Viola fancies Orsino; and it is a dismal fancy—self-consciousness carried to its most egregious extent, that makes Malvolio think of aspiring to the hand of his mistress and causes him to fall, with his eyes open, into the trap

set for him by the buffoons who had no further cause of quarrel with him than that, as master of the household, he interrupted their noisy, tospott revelries. But the dark cell, the straw bed, the shackles on his limbs, very quickly cure Malvolio of his fancy. In the scene in which, contrary to custom, he is seen actually visible, chained as a madman, and recumbent on his pallet, he rose to tragic dignity and passion. The yellow stockings, the cross-gartering, the amblings, the leering, the hand-kissing of the steward, dreaming that he was to be "the Count Malvolio," and to come from a "day bed" where he had left Olivia sleeping, to patronise, to rebuke, and to overawe his inferiors; the airs and graces which the besotted servitor gave himself when he fancied that his proud mistress had written him an amorous letter and wished to see him pose before her in apparel which she affected—all disappear; and we are confronted by a Man, desperately wounded in his self-love, exasperated by insult and outrage, but determined to assert and to vindicate his manhood. None but so truly great an actor as Henry Irving could so exhaustively interpret the varying shades of such a complex character as that of Malvolio, and make him in his triumphant peroration of revengeful passion so completely turn the tables on the clowns who had jeered at him.

The part of Viola suited Miss Ellen Terry to admiration. The pretty page who is so sincere a love-emissary on her master's behalf, and who is straightway fallen in love with the proud lady who will have nought to do with the emissary's patron, is, next to Rosalind, the loveliest and the most lovable of Shakespeare's heroines. I have seen many Violas—some of them rather over-sentimental damsels, looking very awkward and knock-kneed in their masculine habit. Miss Ellen Terry takes to her doublet and hose as frankly and joyously as does the immortal singer of the "Cuckoo Song." But Rosalind is a bit of a cynic. She and Celia play boarding-school girl tricks under the greenwood tree in Arden. She is fond of teasing, and plaguing, and mystifying the men folk. Viola, on the other hand, is all simplicity, devotion, and love. She loves Orsino without the slightest hope or prospect of gaining his affections. She is a very woman, yet she pleads the cause of the man she loves—she upbraids for cold perversity the rival whom she should hate. Her own deep, self-sacrificing love she is quietly determined never to reveal, even though it makes her life a blank, and causes her at last to sicken and die. Her nature is a nobly affectionate, trusting, and self-sacrificing one; and it was as nobly and sweetly portrayed at the Lyceum by Miss Terry, who, albeit she could be most touchingly pathetic on occasions, lost none of the opportunities afforded her for exhibiting the archness, the *espèglierie*, and the vivacity of a young girl who feels her life in every limb. Her feminine exultation at Olivia's mistaking the page's sex; her triumphant exclamation, "I am the man!" her pretty cowardice, and the sounding thwack on the back which with the flat of her sword she administers to Sir Andrew Aguecheek when that recreant knight is at her mercy, are all delightfully and fascinatingly feminine. But she halts a long way on this side of being a hoyden or a romp. She shows us a beautiful, graceful, and womanly woman. Mr. Terriss the love-enraptured Duke Orsino looked simply magnificent in the sumptuous array which set out so imposingly his handsome face and figure, and acted with his usual intelligence, manliness, and *aplomb*. Olivia was played by Miss Rose Leclercq with a perfect knowledge of the requirements of the part, and with much composed grace; but her intonation was at times much too low. Miss L. Payne was commendably saucy and agile as the waiting-maid Maria. Mr. F. Terry as Sebastian made an amusingly good "double" to his sister Miss Ellen Terry's Viola. The young gentleman has an excellent stage presence, and a sonorous voice, the good qualities of which will be more perceptible when he learns how to manage it better. The experienced Mr. David Fisher was not too offensively inebriated as Sir Toby Belch, nor Mr. Francis Wyatt (whose legs are wonderful) too grotesquely euphuistic or too pantomimically pusillanimous as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Mr. Howe was appropriately bluff and straightforward as the sea-captain, Antonio, although at times he was slightly inaudible; and painstaking Mr. Calhaem was an efficient and not obtrusive Fool. Of the gorgeous scenery, costumes, and general stage management of the revival of "Twelfth Night," which was in every way a triumphant success, I must reserve notice until next week.

G. A. S.

Dr. Hancock, Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper in Ireland since 1880, has resigned the appointment.

The camp at Wimbledon will be ready for opening to the Volunteers this (Saturday) morning.

At the rose show at the Crystal Palace Mr. B. R. Cant, of Colchester, took the twelve first prizes, and he now holds the challenge cup.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Abergeldie, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in May last.

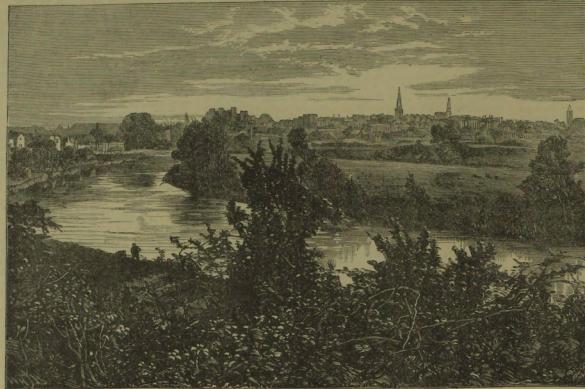
On the representation or the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association, the Rev. R. Arbuthnot has thrown open the churchyard of St. James, Ratcliff, to the public for their free use and enjoyment as a recreation ground, the necessary seats having been presented by that Association.

In the course of the hearing of a case in the Queen's Bench on Tuesday, in which Sir John Astley was ordered to pay to a van-driver £125 as compensation for personal injuries caused by a runaway hansom cab and horse, it was stated that both the hon. Baronet and the Duke of Marlborough run hansom cabs for hire.

The guardians of the parish of St. Marylebone have erected, adjoining their infirmary at Notting-hill, a building forming a complete establishment for the training of nurses for the sick poor. This institution, the first of the kind provided by the Poor Law authorities, will be opened by her Royal Highness Princess Christian on the 22nd inst.

An exhibition of drawings, executed by the pupil teachers and scholars in the schools of the School Board for London, was held last week at the Board School, Saffron-hill, Farringdon-road.—The annual drill competition of the London Board Schools took place on Saturday morning in Hyde Park. The Marquis of Lorne acted as judge, and the challenge banner given by the Society of Arts was presented by Princess Louise.

A conversazione, arranged by the Council of the Society of Arts and the Executive Council of the Health Exhibition, was held in the buildings of the International Health Exhibition on Wednesday evening. The reception began at 8.30. The gardens, as well as the Exhibition buildings, were lighted by the electric light; the gardens were illuminated with variegated lamps and Japanese lanterns, and the fountains were lighted by the electric light. The following bands performed:—The band of the Grenadier Guards; the band of the Coldstream Guards; the band of the First Regiment of the French Engineers, from Versailles; and the band of the 7th German (Magdebourg) Cuirassiers. A vocal and instrumental concert, consisting of glees, &c., by the Royal Criterion Handbell Ringers, was given.



SHREWSBURY, FROM COTON HILL.



THE MAYOR.



CORPORATION SEAL.



ARMS OF THE BOROUGH.



INITIAL OF EDWARD III'S CHARTER  
TO THE FRIARS.



SHREWSBURY, FROM COTON HILL (ANOTHER VIEW).



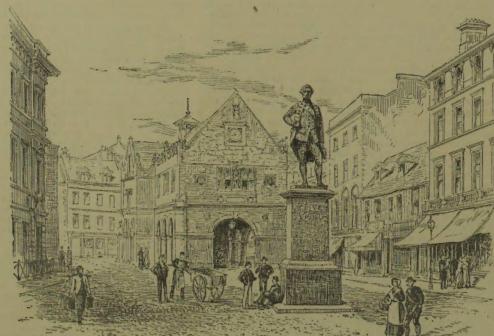
ANCIENT STONE PULPIT AT THE ABBEY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW-YARD.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



MARKET-SQUARE, WITH LORD CLIVE'S MONUMENT.



CASTLE AND RAILWAY STATION.



IRELAND'S MANSION, HIGH-STREET.



THE ABBEY.

## SHREWSBURY: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The interesting old town where the Royal Agricultural Society of England holds its yearly Exhibition and Congress to-day, has a famous name in our national history. At a remarkable bend of the Severn, upon a peninsular double hill which the ancient Britains called Pengwern, sometime overgrown with "scrobs" or shrubs of alder, the Saxons of the Mercian Kingdom built their burgh, and gave it the old English name of "Scrobbesbyrig"; "Pidgeon's Handbook," enlarged and completed by Mr. William Hughes, and published this year by Messrs. Bunny and Davies, of the High-street, will prove to visitors an instructive local guide. Our Artist has sketched the view of the town from Coton Hill, on the north side, looking down the first broad reach of the river; the Keep of the old Castle, with the adjacent Railway Station; the Market-square, lying in the hollow between the two hills covered by the town; St. Mary's Church, a very fine ecclesiastical edifice, presenting examples of the Norman and Gothic architecture of several periods; the old Abbey Church, on the eastern or "English" side of the river, which reminds us that Shrewsbury was a frontier post of the Welsh Border; and the battle-field near Haughmond Hill, three miles distant from the town, where in 1403 fat Sir John Falstaff, if we may believe his word, fought both Douglas and Hotspur Percy, "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." It is said, however, that Percy had already been killed by Prince Hal. Anyhow, the victory was gained that day against the confederate Welsh and Northern Lords, and King Henry IV. built a memorial church, which was handsomely restored in 1861. But Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood abound in historical antiquities and reminiscences, which deserve a fuller study than we have space or leisure to bestow upon them.

It was a great stronghold of the Border, under the Norman and Early Plantagenet reigns. Earl Roger De Montgomery, the feudal Lord of all the land of Powis, built his castle on the isthmus, to close this fortified town from all approach by land; and it was surrounded with walls and ramparts by his son Robert Belesme, which were completed in the time of Henry III. Shrewsbury was the head-quarters of Edward I., as Prince Edward, in his war against Llewellyn and David of Wales. Here David was put to death with horrible cruelty; and later Plantagenet Kings, Edward II. and Richard II., visited this town with their armies, or held their Parliaments here. The battle of July 22, 1403, in which 2500 knights and gentlemen and 5000 common men were slain, established the reign of the House of Lancaster, and perhaps saved England from being divided between the conspiring leaders of rebellion by the boundary of the Trent. This was not to be; and the unity of the realm was finally secured, after the War of the Roses, by Henry Tudor, proclaimed King at Shrewsbury in 1485. In the seventeenth century Charles I. raised an army in this part of the country, and made the town one of his places of military preparation against the Parliamentary forces; but it was captured in February, 1645, when the fortifications were destroyed by order of Parliament, leaving some remains yet worthy of inspection.

The ancient borough charters, dating from Norman times, were superseded by the grant of municipal incorporation in 1638. One of the persons who held the office of Mayor in the last century was Lord Clive, the conqueror of India, a native of Shropshire, whose bronze statue, by Marochetti, adorns the Market-square. We give an illustration of the Seal of the Corporation, and the Arms of the Borough, a curious initial from Edward III.'s charter, and a Portrait of the present Mayor. This town has several churches of ancient foundation. Old St. Chad's, probably a Cathedral of the Saxon Bishops of Mercia, but rebuilt in the reign of Henry III., suddenly fell to ruins about a hundred years ago, but the Lady Chapel still remains. There is a new St. Chad's, in another part of the town, a stately modern building of 1792. St. Mary's Church, already mentioned, is one of the oldest; the existing structure is partly Norman, of the twelfth century, partly of the Early English style, with lancet arches, and partly of later Pointed Gothic; it consists of nave, aisles, transepts, choir, and chancel, with four chantry chapels. The spire rises to a height of 222 ft. above the ground, and the ground is 100 ft. above the level of the river, so that this church is a conspicuous feature of the town. It contains many interesting monuments, and beautiful stained-glass windows; the monument of Bishop Butler, by Bailey, has an air of studious repose, while that of Admiral Benbow displays a sea-fight between French and English frigates. Shrewsbury Abbey, outside the town, in the suburb of Abbey Foregate, was erected in 1083 by the first Norman Earl of Shrewsbury, who became a monk there in his last illness, dying three days afterwards. The Abbey Church, which still remains, built of deep red sandstone, has become the parish Church of the Holy Cross, though originally dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Its upper parts are of fourteenth-century Gothic style, the lower arches being Norman, and the interior was restored about thirty years ago; but the ancient choir has disappeared. Among the ruins of the monastery is an elegant stone pulpit, of octagonal form, in which one of the monks used to read to his brethren while dining in the refectory. This also is included in our Illustrations.

The show-yard of the Royal Agricultural Society is on the race-course, a mile farther east of the town, and the view of its extensive ranges of sheds occupies the central place among our Engravings, but a description may be postponed till after the opening day. The town has prepared ample signs of public festivity in the way of street decorations; but we have not space for drawings of the triumphal arches, which were designed by Mr. John Robinson, of Dogpole and Church-street, Shrewsbury, and were constructed by Messrs. Legg, and by Mr. John Watson, of Birmingham. We should have liked also to give an illustration of the very picturesque and commodious boat-house of the Pengwern Boat Club, situated on the banks of the Severn opposite the Quarry Grounds.

By the retirement of Miss A. F. Bernard, the post of Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, will be vacant at Michaelmas.

Mr. O'Connor, a Nationalist, was on Monday elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the ensuing year. Mr. Brereton, a Conservative, was proposed, but only 13 votes were given for him, while Mr. O'Connor polled 34.

The Pontypridd, Caerphilly, and Newport Railway was opened on Monday. The line, which has taken several years in constructing, passes through an extensive house and steam coal producing district. Sir George Elliott, M.P., is the principal proprietor.

During a thunderstorm which swept over the district of Consett on Sunday afternoon, Thomas Gill, a miner, who was nursing an infant on his knee, was struck by lightning and killed. The child escaped unhurt.—On Tuesday evening a thunderstorm passed over Crewe, the rain descending in torrents. A boy, William Edward Morris, was returning from playing cricket when he was struck by lightning and killed instantaneously.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Members seeking re-election, and candidates desiring seats should prepare in earnest for a General Election. The Lords on Tuesday night practically rejected the County Franchise Bill by a majority of 59; and, if the Conservative Peers on the next occasion the measure is submitted to the Upper House, later in the year, persist in vetoing it, an appeal to the country on the part of the Government is considered certain. In that event, the Ministry could desire no better war-cry than that which the adverse majority in the Lords has furnished them with.

The Constitutional crisis has been brought about, however, in such a quiet, fair, and thoroughly English way that it may yet be hoped that the wisest heads of the rival parties will, at the eleventh hour, decide upon some satisfactory basis of agreement. Both Conservatives and Liberals being avowedly of one mind with regard to the expediency of granting the franchise to county householders—that point is, indeed, admitted in Earl Cairns's amendment—would it not seem to be the rational sequence of this agreement that the measure of enfranchisement should have been sanctioned forthwith, in order that both sides might co-operate next year in perfecting the Redistribution Bill, the passing of which the Opposition and Government alike are unanimous in declaring to be an urgent public necessity?

The House of Lords presented an animated sight on Monday, when the peers assembled in strong battalions to do battle for and against the new Reform Bill. The three most prominent members of the Ministerial bench (Earl Granville, bland, free and easy, and debonair as ever; the Earl of Kimberley, looking the embodiment of strong common-sense, with his lofty forehead and firm features; and the Earl of Derby, hard-headed logic personified) were faced by three equally able leaders of the Opposition in the full-bearded and bronzed Marquis of Salisbury, the grim and saturnine Earl Cairns, and the round-headed Duke of Richmond, while the Earl of Carnarvon sat close by, chirpingly and almost gleefully expectant of the fight. Exceptionally full were the back benches on each side. Immediately behind Ministers sat those "extinct volcanoes" (to borrow Lord Beaconsfield's simile), Lord Sherbrook and Lord Aberdare, and that still lively Vesuvian Scot, the Duke of Argyll; while the Duke of Westminster gave his countenance to the Government from a seat near the table. It might almost be added that the peeresses in the galleries, radiant in cool summer costumes, encouraged their respective knights by their bright presence. As the afternoon wore on, honour to the high State occasion was done by the attendance of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge in their allotted places on the front cross-bench.

Although the issue was to be regretted, inasmuch as it placed the Lords and Commons in antagonism, the debate in itself was most creditable to the House of Lords. Their Lordships in two nights amply and ably discussed the bill, which had been the best part of five months under review in the loquacious and dilatory Lower House. From first to last, the speeches were of a high order. The Earl of Kimberley, in beseeching their Lordships to read the County Franchise Bill the second time, opened the debate with a clear, earnest, and reasonable address, in which he recited cogently the arguments in favour of the measure of emancipation, repeated the promise that the Government would introduce the Redistribution Bill next year, and concluded with an impressive appeal to noble Lords to pass the bill, and not, by rejection, to give their enemies outdoors a weapon which might be used against the House itself. Remarkable was it that tributes to the statesmanship of the late Lord Beaconsfield should have been paid not only by Earl Cairns, but also by Lord Kimberley and by the Duke of Argyll, who said it was a flash of genius on the part of the leader of the Conservative party to settle the last Reform Bill on the basis of Household Franchise. His Grace forgot, however, that it was not until the Hyde Park railings were stormed that Lord Beaconsfield amended his Borough Franchise measure on those rational lines, which the present Government now propose to extend to the counties.

Earl Cairns was studiously self-contained in the guarded and careful speech in which he moved the following amendment:—

That this House, while prepared to concur in a well-considered and complete scheme for the extension of the franchise, does not think it right to assent to the second reading of a bill having for its object a fundamental change in the constitution of the electoral body of the United Kingdom, but which is not accompanied by provisions for so apportioning the right to return members as to insure a true and fair representation of the people, or by any adequate security in the proposals of the Government that the present bill shall not come into operation except as part of an entire scheme.

The noble and learned Lord based his arguments on the declaration of Lord Beaconsfield in 1874, when, as Prime Minister, he explicitly said he thought, with Mr. Trevelyan, that the County Franchise ought to be granted, but that his "great objection to the bill of the hon. gentleman is this—that there is no case in which large classes of our fellow-subjects have been invested with the franchise without a general distribution of power in consequence being considered." Earl Cairns advanced a number of reasons why the same objections would hold good now. He only raised his voice when he came to his closing sentences. Cordially cheered when he decisively declared, "We appeal to the country; we desire to be judged by the country,"—his Lordship raised the decorous enthusiasm of the Opposition when he answered with dignity the "menace" of Mr. Gladstone, and called upon the House not to be deterred from doing its duty by threats. It was to be noted that, while the Duke of Argyll solemnly urged independent members to support the Ministerial bill, his marked leaning to what he called "the cross-bench mind" appeared to yield huge satisfaction to the leaders of the Opposition. Of the remaining speeches against the bill on Monday night, those of the Duke of Richmond and Earl Cadogan were most notable.

There was a similarly brilliant gathering to witness the brilliant termination of the debate on Tuesday. The Earl of Carnarvon's eloquent and sincere plaint against the bill drew forth a forcible and direct speech for the measure from the Earl of Derby. Lord Brabourne's flank fire, discharged by a distinctly "cross-bench mind" was readily and briskly, pointedly and wittily, answered by the Earl of Rosebery in one of the ablest addresses this bold and clever young nobleman has delivered. The Duke of Rutland's humorous retort called up the Earl of Dalhousie. Even the Earl of Wemyss and the Primate were in favour of the bill. The Lord Chancellor's luminous speech, brightened at the finish with a few apt and humorous quotations, was vivaciously and powerfully, ironically and smartly, responded to by the Marquis of Salisbury. And the House was at its fullest when Earl Granville ended the discussion with still a fresh allusion to the wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield, and with a characteristically clear and trenchant defence of the action of the Government. The upshot was that the second reading was negative, amid Opposition cheers and Ministerial counter-cheers, by a majority of 59—205 against 146—and Lord Cairns's resolution was adopted, as amended at the suggestion of the Earl of Dunraven—namely, by the omission of the phrase, "a well-considered and complete

scheme for the extension of the franchise," and by the substitution of "the principles of the representation contained in the bill."

The Lords had not the last word on the Franchise Bill. The Premier, though he could not promise Mr. Labouchere on Monday that a number of Liberal peers would be created to tide over the difficulty, reserved for Thursday the Ministerial statement for which his previous quotation from Shakespeare was probably intended to prepare the House.

The other business of Parliament has been eclipsed by the Lords' debate on the Franchise Bill. Indeed, so absorbed have hon. members been in their Lordships' doings that nearly all the Privy Councillors among them were to be seen at one time or another on Monday or Tuesday in front of the Throne in the Upper House. Mr. Goschen (as a rumoured negotiator) was recognised, smilingly using the persuasive arts of a diplomatic peace-maker. Sir Stafford Northcote was balanced by Sir William Harcourt; and Mr. William Henry Smith by Mr. Childers; whilst Mr. Trevelyan, as champion of the County householders when he was not so fashionable a personage as he is now, tore himself from the fascinations of the Irish Home-Rule members to listen for a moment to the eulogies heaped upon his clients of old.

Lord Hartington on Monday secured several money votes in the Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates; and Mr. Chamberlain (after a lively verbal passage of arms with Mr. MacIver, due possibly to the heat of the weather) had not much difficulty in persuading the House to allow the Merchant Shipping Bill to be withdrawn. The London Government Bill on Tuesday gave rise to an interesting discussion, in which Mr. Gladstone and the Lord Mayor were the chief speakers for and against the new scheme for a municipality; but the debate on the second reading had again to be postponed; and it seems that this important measure will have to be included in the "slaughter of the innocents" customary during the "dog days."

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

It was only a poor Newmarket July week as far as the racing was concerned, and the chief interest was centred in the sales of blood stock, the result of which proved the turf to be in a very healthy condition, as there is apparently any amount of money forthcoming for animals of the best description. After about £80,000 had been laid out at Lord Falmouth's sale on the Monday, it might naturally have been supposed that other vendors would have suffered; but this did not at all prove to be the case, especially in the case of the Blankney yearlings, which numbered thirteen, and averaged 1033 gs. Of course Mr. Chaplin had chiefly to thank Hermit for this splendid result; indeed, the six yearlings by that sire made no less than 7910 gs., or an average of 1318 gs. An own sister to Queen Adelaide was knocked down to Sir John Willoughby for 2000 gs., Mr. Peck gave 1600 gs. for an own brother to Lonely, and the same price was paid by Mr. Porter for an own brother to Charon, The Abbot, and Nautilus. The top price of this remarkable sale (2100 gs.) was, however, made by an own brother to Kermesse, by Cremorne—Hazeldean, and a filly by Kisber—Stray Shot ran him very close at 2050 gs. After these exciting doings at the sale ring, the racing was tame enough, and would have been duller still but for the race for Arabs, for which we were indebted to the exertions of Mr. W. S. Blunt, who added £100 to the stake, the Jockey Club giving just double that sum. There were eight runners, and a three-year-old named Asil scored an easy victory; but they were all terribly slow, and, from the way in which several of them had been tried, we can safely state that an indifferent selling plater would have galloped away from the lot. The Chesterfield Stakes was spoilt by Match Girl, on whom odds were laid, going suddenly lame, which quite destroyed her chance, and The Child of the Mist, who is a half-brother to Beau Brummell and Fritz, by Blair Athol—Ma Belle, won rather cleverly from the overrated Langwell. Rosie, who is wonderfully lucky in handicaps, won twice, as did Geheimniss, who was unopposed in the July Cup and Bunbury Stakes; and Lord Alington's flying mare is in such wonderful form just now, that owners of other cracks are naturally chary of meeting her, and it may ultimately be left to St. Simon to take her number down.

Nothing but an opportune storm saved the Australians from a crushing defeat from an indifferent Eleven of England at Huddersfield, last week. There was not a man engaged who is likely to represent England in the three great matches of the season, yet they played up splendidly, and it was indeed hard lines to be deprived of their well-deserved victory. Scotton's (134) batting was simply perfect, as he never gave the ghost of a chance throughout his long innings, and he was grandly supported by Attewell (84), Grimshaw (77), and Mr. E. T. Hirst (71), who were the chief contributors to the total of 453, which is, we believe, the highest score but one ever made against the Australians in this country. Taken as a whole, the batting of the Colonists was very feeble, and they did not seem able to do anything with Attewell's bowling, the Notts professional securing ten wickets for only 71 runs. When, however, it seemed that England must win, Scott (50), and Midwinter (not out, 32) once more stepped into the breach, and, helped by the rain, managed to make a draw of it. Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval was greatly spoilt by the fact that the former side was lamentably weak, especially in bowling, and the success of the professionals by nine wickets was only what might have been anticipated. Ulyett (134), who has not been "coming off" this season, played a free-hitting innings in his happiest style, and Peate captured seven wickets for 92 runs. Dr. W. G. Grace (not out, 35 and 66) batted well, as he almost invariably does, and, had he been better supported, his side might have made something of a fight of it. There was some very tall scoring in the match between Kent and Sussex, Jesse Hide (39 and 112), Tester (80), Mr. W. Newham (76 and 48), and Mr. W. Blackman (not out, 32, and, not out, 77), being the chief contributors to a grand aggregate of 734 runs. In fact, they scored too many to win, for, thanks to the plucky batting of Lord Harris (101, and, not out, 40), Kent managed to make a draw of it.

Two gloriously fine days for Henley Regatta are against all precedent, and deserve to be specially chronicled. Under these circumstances, the attendance was larger than ever, and we never saw so many boats of every description as put in an appearance each day. The excessive heat was very trying to many of the competitors, and several men fainted in the course of the various races, but we are happy to say that no absolute cases of sunstroke were reported. The Grand Challenge Cup, which is the principal event of the meeting, went to the London R.C., Twickenham, which was greatly fancied, being rowed to a complete standstill in the final heat. J. Lowndes, the amateur sculling champion, tried to do too much, and was beaten by R. H. Smith (Thames R.C.) in his trial-heat for the Diamond Sculls. In the final the latter succumbed to W. S. Unwin (Magdalen College B.C.), but he was unlucky in fouling J. Farrell (London R.C.) at a critical point of the race, though the result might have been the same under any circumstances. Derby School secured the Public Schools' Challenge Cup; and J. Lowndes and D. E. Brown won the Silver Goblets in hollow style, in spite of all their previous exertions.

## JULY MAGAZINES.

This month's *Cornhill* concludes "The Giant's Robe." Poetical if somewhat tardy justice is done to Vincent by Mark's confession to his wife of the true extent of his deception; and Mabel has a scene of complete reconciliation with her faithful lover just before his death. It is a pity that even Mr. Anstey's ingenuity has not been equal to the task of winding up his tale without killing anybody; but we must admit that we do not see how this disagreeable necessity was to be escaped. The start of Mr. Payn's "Talk of the Town"—a tale of auld lang syne—is not particularly successful. On the other hand, his "Literary Recollections" are unusually bright. They deal with his first introduction to London literary society, when Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Charles Reade, and Charles Lever were denizens of this earth together.

The "Royal Collection of Miniatures at Windsor Castle," by Mr. R. R. Holmes, librarian to her Majesty; and "The Weasel and his Family," by Benjamin Scott, are, in their respective ways, two of the best illustrated papers ever produced by the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Mr. Henry James's "Author of Beltraffio," which he began so well, comes to a conclusion equally shocking and ridiculous. A novelist's wife allows her infant son to die for want of medical care, lest he should grow up to read his father's novels!

*Macmillan* opens with a masterly notice of M. Renan's new volume. Among the other principal contributions to a poor number may be noticed a lively description of "An Irish Trout Stream," Mr. Bent's description of an Easter in the Cyclades, and a fair translation of Heine's "Mountain Idylls," by F. Storr.

"Magda's Cow," the tale of Polish peasant life, concluded in *Blackwood*, is a most remarkable story, quite simple and unpretending, but entitled to rank with the best of its class for the really wonderful way in which the sordid side of rural existence is depicted, without cynicism or misanthropy. There are also a pleasant and impartial sketch of Berlin society, the first of a series; a trenchant exposure of the rascality of the American share-market; and a highly attractive paper on Venice, pointing out, among other things, the paucity of world-famous men in Venetian history, and the want of individuality among them. The citizens are merged in the city.

"A Blue Grass Penelope," Bret Harte's new story in *Longman's Magazine*, opens excellently with a really original situation and admirably vivid pictures of Californian scenery and society. "Jack's Courtship" rather flags. There are also a clever sparkling paper on "Sunny Brighton," by Richard Jefferies, and a pleasing notice of Maurice by "A. K. H. B."

The paper which will send readers to a not very interesting number of the *Fortnightly* is the account of General Gordon's religious views derived from his own letters and memoranda, and oddly intrusted to the editorial care of Mr. W. H. Mallock. With better editorship they would probably have made a better impression, for we decline to believe that the grotesque is so much the dominant element in them as Mr. Mallock gives us to understand. There is nothing in them to lower the high estimation in which General Gordon is held by his countrymen, but much to make one wish that he had enjoyed that degree of culture which would have rendered such eccentricities impossible. The article will, nevertheless, be read with interest, which is more than can be said of the number as a whole, although the contributors include a bishop and a duke. The best things are Mr. Cartwright's defence of the Congo treaty, and Mr. George Meredith's brilliant and erratic "Diana of the Crossways."

Mr. Dicey and Sir Samuel Baker, two eminent authorities, discuss Egyptian affairs in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Dicey insists, as is obvious enough, that if England is to do the work of Europe in protecting Egypt against invasion she must have unlimited authority and especial advantage; and Sir Samuel Baker argues for the retention of the Soudan. Mr. Herbert Spencer replies effectively to Mr. F. Harrison. Mr. Swinburne's paean to Chaucer is, as usual, more remarkable for richness of music than pregnancy of matter. There is nothing else of much interest in the number, except a second budget of "telepathic" stories by Messrs. Gurney and Myers. One, vouched for by Sir Edmund Hornby, is very curious and hard to explain upon any theory of the visible or invisible world.

The visible world is the subject of an essay in the *Contemporary* by Professor Balfour Stewart, who wishes to abolish it altogether to get rid of some intellectual difficulties, in the spirit of the old woman who set fire to her house to destroy the rats. The house was burned, but the rats escaped. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Henry Dunckley each write upon a great political superstition; Mr. Spencer denouncing and Mr. Dunckley extolling. Mr. Spencer's theme is the infallibility of Parliament, and Mr. Dunckley's the infallibility of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Cubitt's essay on Sir Christopher Wren contains some excellent architectural criticism.

There is only one remarkable contribution to the *National Review*—Mr. James Runciman's "ower-true tale," howcauses and wire-pullers made a Tory of John Leighton, a Liberal by nature and by grace. It is brilliantly written, and affords much food for reflection. We tremble for Mr. W. J. Courthope, who, unmindful of Gay's precept and Mr. Pickwick's example, has thrust himself into the thick of the fight between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Arnold.

The *Century* has excellent illustrated papers on Mr. Bright, the Cambridge performance of the "Ajax," and the scenes of Hawthorne's romances, although the latter is more noteworthy for the engravings than the text. The "Ku-Klux Klan" gives a not very complete account of this singular secret association. Harper has an excellent article on the Nile, with numerous illustrations, two from drawings by Sir F. Leighton, and good personal sketches of two eminent men not wholly dissimilar, General Jackson and Prince Bismarck. The *Atlantic Monthly* is chiefly remarkable for a delicate study of the pensive Swiss mystic Amiel, by Miss H. W. Preston, and a picture of "The Growing Power of the Republic of Chile," inspired by strong prejudice. *Manhattan* has a beautiful and discriminating biographical and critical tribute to the late Arthur O'Shaughnessy, by Louise Chandler Moulton. The Earl of Dufferin is the subject of an excellent sketch; and a Mr. Norris has the deplorable courage to propose that Shakespeare's sepulchre should be violated, in the hope of ascertaining the shape of his skull.

In *Temple Bar* there is an appreciative article by Fanny Kemble on Salvini's performance of Othello, which is compared with Kean's, not much to its disadvantage. "The Unwilling Guest" is a most amusing story of a little Countess who, with an old Baron, her admirer, passes the night dancing with robbers in a wood. "Peril" and "Mrs. Forrester's Secret" maintain their interest.

*Belgravia* has a very humorous story in "The Great Jamsetjee Railway," a tale of speculation on the Stock Exchange; and a quaint mixture of the humorous and the ghastly in another tale, entitled "A Mean Revenge."

"Philistia," in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, is as lively as ever, but the author must beware of a tendency to exaggeration. "Italian Folk Songs," by E. M. Clerke, is an

interesting account of these lively ditties, with charming translations. The first or coquettish part of Madame de Kridener's career is sketched by Miss Maitland. We can only hope that the saint may have been an improvement on the sinner, who seems to have been a thoroughly vexatious as well as an unprincipled woman. Mr. Hudson contributes some interesting notes on the spiders of the Pampas.

*London Society*, an improvement upon recent numbers, has, with other interesting matter, Mr. Gerald Molloy's memoir of the French etcher Méryon, a biographical notice of Sir John Gilbert, an excellent sketch of Mauritius, and Miss Amy Levy's lines, "In Switzerland."

We have also received a batch of Cassell and Co.'s numerous and excellent publications (some of which are noticed in another column), *Merry England*, *Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches*, *The Theatre* (containing capital portraits of Miss Julia Gwynne and Mr. G. R. Sims, with a pleasantly-written autobiography of the latter, and the theatrical and musical doings of the past month), *Good Words*, *Time*, *The Antiquary*, and *All the Year Round*.

## THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Canon Lewis, Rector of Dolgelly, has accepted the deanery of Bangor, and his canonry has been conferred upon the Rev. John Bryce.

The Archbishop of York has reopened Wistow Church, Yorkshire, which has undergone complete restoration, through the liberality of the Misses Prest and the parishioners.

On Monday afternoon Earl Beauchamp laid the foundation-stone of a new church, St. Cuthbert's, which is about to be erected in Philbeach-gardens, South Kensington.

The Church of St. Lawrence, at Thornton Curte, Lincolnshire, has been restored at an outlay of £3000. The cost of rebuilding the chancel was borne by Mr. Rowland Winn, M.P., who is patron of the living.

The Goldsmiths' Company have contributed £50, the Drapers' £21, the Mercers' Company £31-10s., the Clothworkers' £10 10s., and the Haberdashers' £5 5s. to the funds of the Church of England Sunday School Institute.

The Bishop of London has conferred the vicarage of St. Mary, Paddington-green (formerly the parish church), which has been vacant nearly twelve months, since the death of the late Rev. J. W. Buckley, on the Rev. Alfred Scott, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford.

In recognition of the value of his services as a mission preacher the Bishop of Lichfield has appointed the Rev. J. H. Lester, the diocesan missioner for Lichfield, and who has been connected with the Church Parochial Mission Society almost from its formation, to be an honorary canon of his cathedral.

A garden fête has been held at Chelsea Rectory, Church-street, King's-road, to raise money towards the fund for the re-seating and renovation of the parish church of St. Luke, Chelsea. The fête was opened by Countess Cadogan on Tuesday afternoon.

A meeting was held on Monday afternoon in the saloon of the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of raising a fund for paying off the mortgage on the Church Missionary House in Salisbury-square and the cost of the recent enlargements. Resolutions carrying out the object were carried.

In the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury resolutions have been passed for the formation of a Board of Missions, and also for the formation of a House of Laymen. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the formal introduction of the Bishop of Ohio to both Houses. He produced a complete roll of the American episcopate during the hundred years of its existence.

At the meeting of the Church Defence Institution on Monday, Lord Egerton of Tatton alluded to the activity of those who were agitating for the disestablishment of the Church, and in urging all friends of the Church to unite in resistance to the attack pointed out that by so doing they would be defending the property of all charitable institutions and corporations, which would be similarly attacked.

A silver salver, valued at upwards of £50, and bearing a suitable inscription, was last week presented, with other gifts, by Lord Francis Cecil, on behalf of the parishioners of Stretton, Rutland, to the Rev. Edward Bradley ("Cuthbert Bede") and Mrs. Bradley, who had resided at Stretton Rectory for upwards of thirteen years. Mr. Bradley was recently presented by Lord Aveland to the Vicarage of Lenton, near Grantham.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has presented the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and one of the masters in Rugby School, to the living of Nackington, near Canterbury, vacant by the collation of the Rev. C. W. Bewsher to the living of Postling. His Grace has also appointed the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson to be one of his examining chaplains.—The Duke of Devonshire has presented the Rev. Samuel C. Sarjant, Curate of the parish church at Chesterfield, to the living of Christ Church, Burbage, near Hartington, Derby, in the room of the Rev. J. G. H. Stamper. It is of the value of £300 a year.—The Rev. William Stanley Suttherly, M.A., has accepted the living of Lodsworth, Sussex, offered to him by the Earl of Egmont.

The new Congregational church in Lyndhurst-road, Hampstead, of which the Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., is the Pastor, was opened on the 3rd inst., when the first of a series of dedicatory services which have been announced was held. The church is a handsome structure of the Romanesque style of architecture, hexagonal in form, the pulpit occupying one side of the hexagon, with an organ over it.

The annual floral festival of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge-road, was held on the 4th inst., and, as the occasion was the thirtieth anniversary of the Rev. Newman Hall's pastorate, the hundred and first of Surrey Chapel, and the eighth of Christ Church, there was an unusually large attendance. A "strawberry tea" was given in Hawkstone Hall, followed by a public meeting in the church. Mr. S. Morley, M.P., occupied the chair. During the evening Dr. Wilson, on behalf of the congregation, presented the Rev. Newman Hall with an address, and Mr. Webb unveiled the model of the bust of the rev. gentleman, from the studio of Mr. Onslow Ford. The bust, in marble, is to be placed in Mr. Hall's house, and a replica in the church. Among the speakers was Mr. Spurgeon.

In the Probate Court on Monday, a suit respecting the will of the late Lord William Lennox was argued, the son, Mr. William Robert Lennox, urging undue influence on the part of Lady William Lennox. Sir James Hannen, declaring the action a most unfounded one, decided in favour of the will.

The Benchers of the Inner Temple gave a garden party in the Temple Gardens on Monday afternoon. The band of the Inns of Court Volunteers played a programme of music; and later in the afternoon the choir boys of the Temple Church sang several glees and madrigals in the Inner Temple Hall. The poor children, for whose benefit the Temple Gardens are open nightly, were admitted later in the evening as usual.

## THE COURT.

The Queen on the 3rd inst. decorated Quartermaster-Sergeant William Marshall, 19th Hussars, with the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery during the cavalry charge at El Teb. Her Majesty also conferred the medal for distinguished service in the field on various non-commissioned officers and men who took part in the Soudan expedition. Viscountess Downe and Lord Rowton, C.B., arrived at the castle in the evening, and had the honour of being included, with General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., in her Majesty's dinner party. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Queen on the 4th inst., and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Leiningen arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to her Majesty, leaving the next morning. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Horatio Stopford, honoured Canon and Mrs. Anson with a visit last Saturday afternoon. Her Majesty and the Princess were afterwards joined by the Duchess of Albany at Frogmore. The Queen drove out later with Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Abercromby. The Duchess of Albany also drove, attended by the Hon. Evelyn Paget. General Lord Wolseley and Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, arrived at the castle in the evening, and had the honour of being included in her Majesty's dinner party. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Randall Davidson were also invited. The Queen and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service in the Private Chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, officiated, assisted by the Ven. Frederick W. Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, who preached the sermon. On Monday morning the Queen drove, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. The Duc d'Aumale, accompanied by the Duc de Chartres and his daughter, Princess Marie d'Orléans, visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. Princess Beatrice left the castle on Tuesday morning for Enniscott, Chichester, on a visit to Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. Her Majesty drove to Frogmore, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein.

Yesterday week Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg arrived at Marlborough House, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Duke of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess on Saturday. Prince and Princess Leiningen likewise visited their Royal Highnesses, and remained to luncheon. The Prince presided at the ninth Triennial Festival of the Railway Guards' Universal Friendly Society, at Willis's Rooms, in the evening. The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. On Monday a Levée was held by the Prince at St. James's Palace, the presentations numbering about 250. The Prince went to the House of Lords. The Prince and Princess of Battenberg left Marlborough House in the afternoon, and returned to Sennicott, Chichester. Mr. A. Bassano has submitted to the Prince and Princess of Wales lifelike portraits of the Queen and their Royal Highnesses. The Prince and Princess opened the new buildings for the working classes in Soho, to be called "Sandringham Buildings," on Tuesday. In the evening the Prince was present at the House of Lords. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and their three daughters—accompanied by Lord and Lady Suffield, Lord and Lady Monson, Lord and Lady Lovelace, Lord Leyland, Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others—left Charing-cross on Wednesday afternoon by special train for Redhill, to lay the foundation-stone of St. Ann's Orphanage. Their Royal Highnesses were present at the Special Dramatic Matinée, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon. The Prince has become the patron of the Marine Biological Association, of which Professor Huxley is president, and has sent a handsome donation to the fund now being raised for the purpose of erecting a laboratory and experimental aquarium on the sea-coast. The Prince and Princess have announced their intention of being present at a grand evening fête to be held at the International Health Exhibition on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., in aid of the funds for the London hospitals. His Royal Highness has consented to be present at a soirée to be given to artisans and their wives at the Bethnal-green Museum, one afternoon at the latter end of this month, in connection with the Beaumont Trust, the object of which is to provide intellectual improvement and recreation for the inhabitants of East London. The Prince has informed Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P. for South Shields, that it will give him great pleasure to open the new Coble Dene Dock next month. The Prince of Wales will hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, next Monday, the 14th inst.

Prince George of Wales has been promoted from the midshipman list to the rank of sub-lieutenant, Royal Navy, having been successful in taking a first-class certificate in seamanship.

Yesterday week Princess Louise was present at a meeting in aid of the Women's Emigration Society, at Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, which was presided over by the Marquis of Lorne. Her Royal Highness is the president of the society, and Lady Jane Taylor is the vice-president. The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne dined with the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon at their residence in Portman-square last Saturday.

Princess Christian opened a bazaar at the Atheneum in Highbury New Park on Tuesday, on behalf of the Industrial Home for Boys, Islington.

The Duke of Cambridge, on the 3rd inst., distributed to the men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade seventy-four bronze medals for long and meritorious service, and two silver medals for special acts of bravery. On the 4th inst. the Duke presented commissions in the Artillery and Royal Engineers to the gentlemen cadets at Woolwich who have been successful in their examinations. He congratulated them on their efficiency, good conduct, and success. Last Wednesday the Duke reviewed the troops at Aldershot; and on Friday (yesterday) the Brigade of Guards in London.

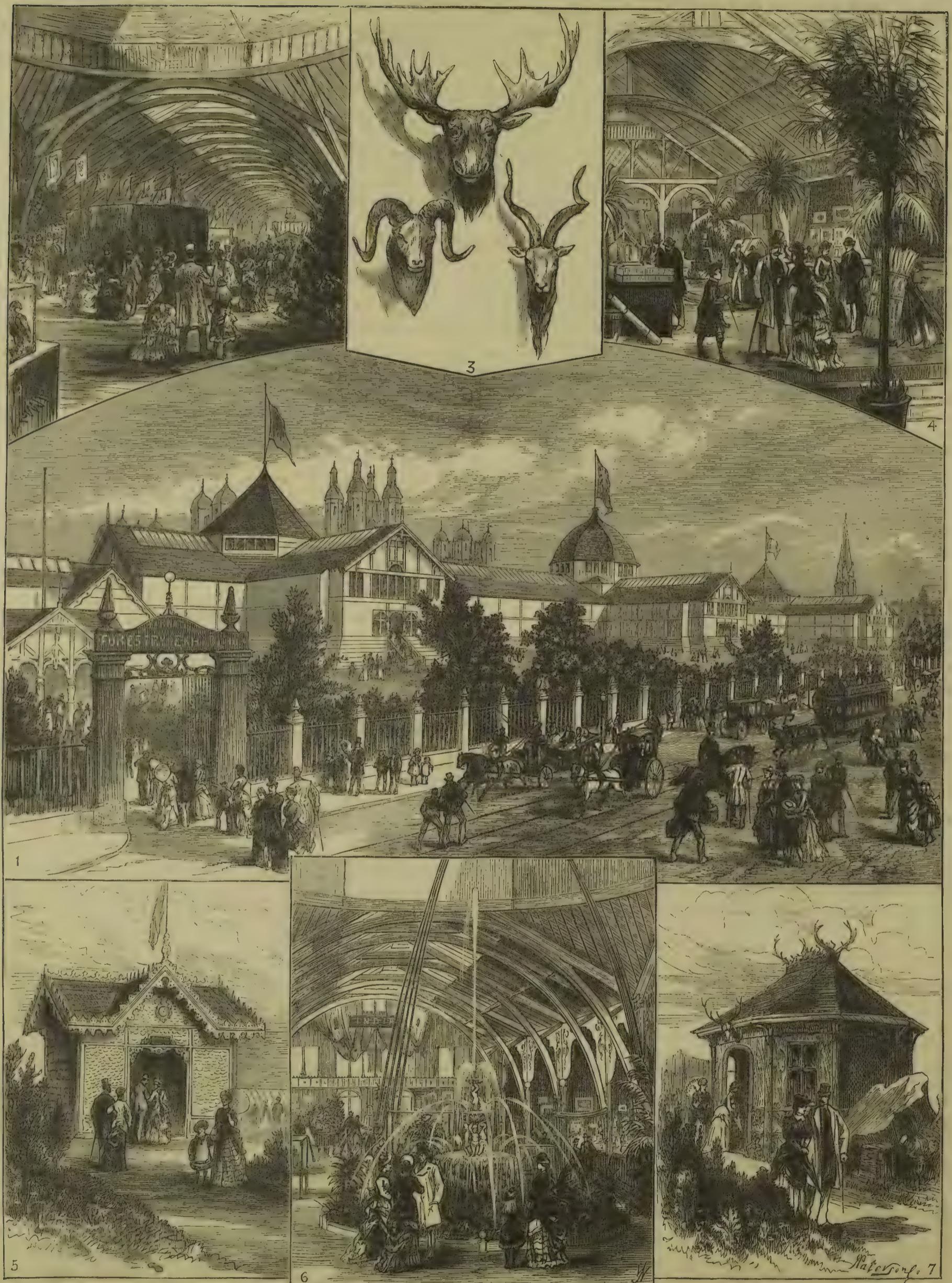
The Duc d'Aumale, with the Duc de Chartres and Princess Marie d'Orléans, returned to Claridge's Hotel on Monday afternoon from the Duc d'Aumale's seat in Worcestershire. The Duc de Chartres and Princess Marie left on Tuesday for Paris, the Duc d'Aumale remaining in London.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived at St. James's Palace on Tuesday from the Continent.

His Excellency M. Waddington has arrived at the French Embassy, Albert-gate, from Paris.

The Marquis Tseng, Chinese Envoy, arrived in London from Folkestone on the 3rd inst. His Excellency has now taken up residence permanently at the Chinese Legation.

The marriage of Mr. Arkwright, of Salton, Scarsdale, Derbyshire, with Miss Agnes Somers Cocks, daughter of Mr. John Somers Cocks, a niece of Countess Somers, was solemnised on Tuesday morning at the Oratory, Brompton. The bridesmaids were Miss Arkwright, the Misses Somers Cocks (three), Miss Manners, and Miss Katharine Wegg-Prosser. Lieutenant-Colonel Hatton, of the Grenadier Guards, was the best man.

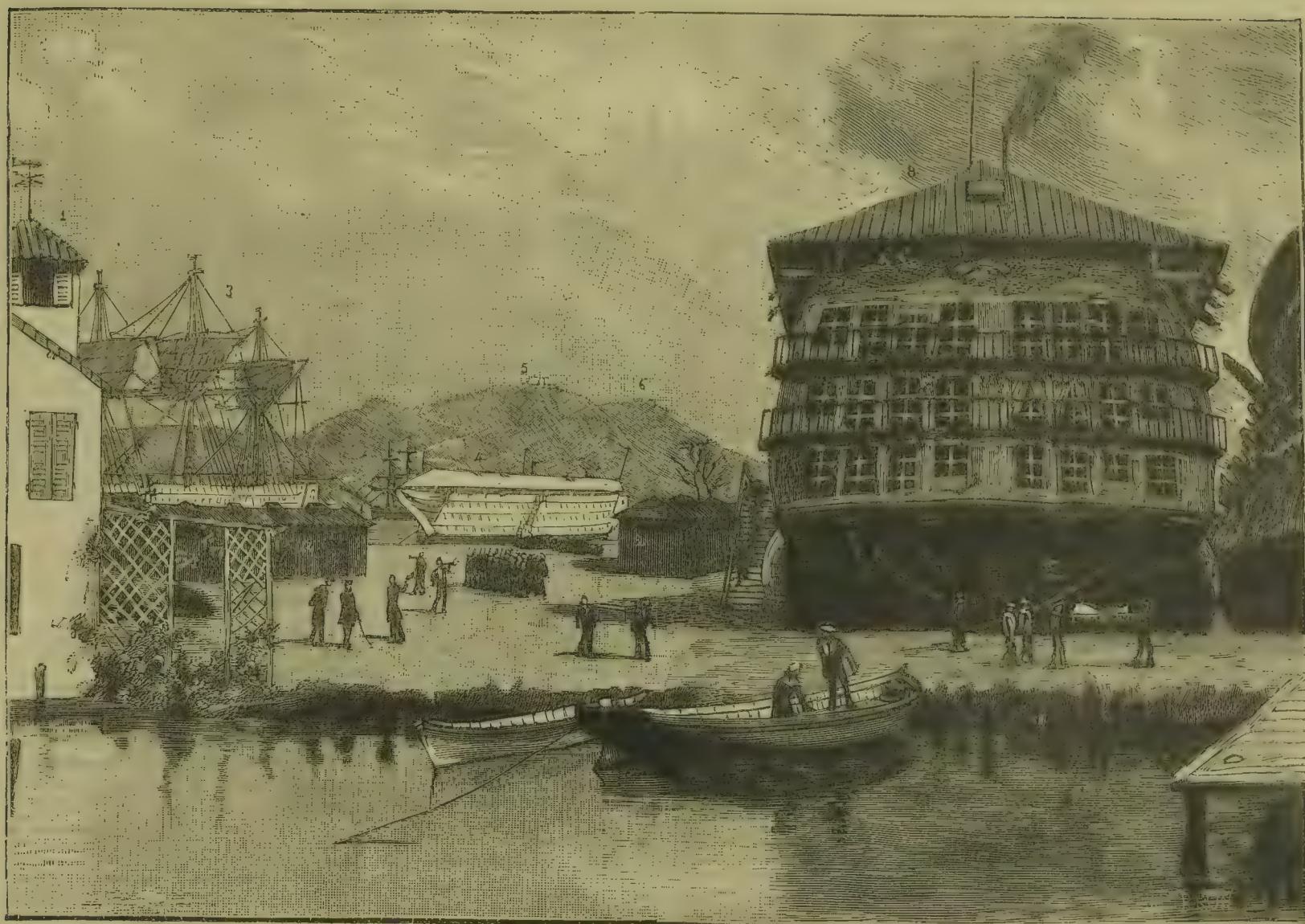


1. Exterior of Exhibition Building.  
2. Interior, with Mammoth Tree.

3. Contributions from the Prince of Wales, Lord Northbrook, &c.  
4. British Guiana Section.

6. Central Fountain, with the Indian Collection.  
7. The Queen's Balmoral Chalet.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORESTRY EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH.



1. Officers' house. 2. Magazines. 3. The Alexandre, training-ship. 4. The Jupiter, hulk. 5. Fort Faron. 6. Fort Coudon. 8. The Eylau, hulk.

THE CHOLERA AT TOULON: FRENCH NAVAL ESTABLISHMENT IN THE PORT.

#### THE FORESTRY EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH.

The International Forestry Exhibition at Edinburgh was opened on Tuesday last week by the Marquis of Lothian, accompanied by the Lord Provost, magistrates, and Town Council of that city, and attended by representatives of foreign countries and of the British colonies and India. It occupies a spacious building, erected for the purpose, on the lawn in front of Donaldson's Hospital. It is a spacious and elegant structure, and is built entirely of wood, not only the walls, the gables, and the roof, but also the pillars, arches, and girders. This building is 640 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 45 feet high, but its monotony is relieved by three transepts, which send out arms right and left extending to 79 feet northwards and 64 feet towards the south. Over the junctions of the transepts are three domes, which add to the external effectiveness of the building, and this is enhanced by the Swiss-like gables projecting at both sides of the building. An unexpected demand for space by the Japanese Government has compelled the committee to add three large annexes on the north side of the building. Ample accommodation is provided for refreshment-rooms, kitchens, retiring-rooms, and other conveniences, in abutments on the main building. On the open spaces between the transepts the chalets and model huts are erected. A handsome and commodious chalet in the Swiss style, erected to the west of the main building, affords accommodation for committee-rooms, the secretary's office, and additional refreshment-rooms. In an adjoining field, covering several acres, ample space is provided for sheds for working machinery, and for outdoor exhibits which cannot be accommodated close to the main building. Her Majesty the Queen sends

a chalet from Balmoral; the Prince of Wales sends sporting trophies from India; Mr. Gladstone a presentation axe. The miscellaneous exhibits include sections of wood from all countries, books on forestry, models of foresters' cottages, specimens of wood-carving, basket-work, skeleton leaves, furniture in all its varieties, india-rubber and its varied applications, machinery for cutting timber, carpenters' tools, foresters' tools, gunstocks, wood prepared for railway purposes, wood-pulp for paper-making, shuttles and bobbins, bows and arrows, turnery, tea-making machinery, wax-producing plants, cart wheels, models of bridges, specimens of inlaid work, veneers, picture-frames, gums and resins, seeds, and models of transplanting-machines. The foreign countries and places from which contributions are sent include Bombay, Borneo, British Guiana, California, Canada, Cape Colony, Chili, Coburg, Denmark, Dominica, Florida, France, Gambia, Germany, India, Japan, Mauritius, Norway, New Zealand, St. Vincent, Siam, Sierra Leone, Sweden, Tobago, Venezuela, and Zanzibar.

#### CHINESE EDIBLE DOGS.

At the Crystal Palace Dog Show of the Kennel Club, which was noticed last week, there was a class of "Chinese Chow-chow," in which four male dogs and five females were entered. Two of the females, Papoose and Peridot, owned by Lady M. O. Gore, were offered for sale at £500 each. The two males represented in our illustrations are a black and a red animal, named respectively Chow III. and Chow IV.; the former, owned by Mr. C. F. M. Cleverly, is two years and a half old; the latter was born in 1877, and belongs to Mrs. F. Porter. These won the first and the second prize in their class. We have no precise information concerning the rule by which Chinese gastronomy is directed in selecting for human food certain varieties of dog, and rejecting others; but it is supposed that many of the lower class of people in China will readily eat any flesh of that kind. The name of "chow-chow" seems fearfully significant, but it really has a different meaning. Stews and broths are the chief culinary preparations, for which any savoury flesh may be used, with plenty of rice. The gelatinous parts of fish, such as the fins of sharks and the maws of other species of fish, are in much request to thicken and flavour the Chinaman's soup; but a still greater dainty is the bœuf-de-mer, procured from Torres Strait, and the most highly esteemed of all is the nest of the sea-swallow, which is composed of a mucilaginous sea-weed found on the coasts of Java and the Malay Archipelago. The Chinese epicure has a refined though peculiar taste; and some of his dishes, though none of dog-flesh, may now be tasted at the International Health Exhibition.

#### THE SOUDAN AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

The tinted lithographic drawing presented for our Extra Supplement this week gives a bird's-eye view of the whole region of the Soudan, the Equatorial Lakes, and the interior of Africa watered by the great river Congo, with the coasts as far south as the seaports of Zanzibar, on the Indian Ocean, and St. Paul de Loanda, on the Atlantic shore, extending ten degrees of latitude beyond the Equator. Half the breadth of North Africa, lying west of longitude 10 deg. E. from Greenwich, is not included; and the centre of this View is designed to fall in the country which Dr. Schweinfurth, its most eminent explorer, has called "The Heart of Africa," lying between the western tributaries of the White Nile, of which the chief is the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the streams flowing south-west into the Congo. This country, inhabited by the Niam-Niam and other savage nations of heathendom, is just

now of great interest as the main source of supply for the Soudan slave-trade, which is carried on by the Arab chiefs of the Western Soudan, of Darfour, Kordofan, Dongola, and Berber, using the commercial dépôt of Khartoum for that purpose under cover of ostensible traffic in gum, ivory, skins, and other innocent merchandise. Readers of General Gordon's letters, and the narratives of his Soudan administration in former years, will be aware that his constant endeavour has been to stop the sending of captured negro men, women, and children from the Bahr-el-Ghazal region through Kordofan, or down the White Nile, to Khartoum or to Dongola. Again, when, at the beginning of this year, he accepted from the International African Society of Belgium an appointment to be their governing agent at the head waters of the Congo, his personal object was to assist the natives of the central territory which we have indicated, furnishing them with arms, training them to fight in their own defence, and encouraging them to resist the continual raids of the kidnapping slave-traders. General Gordon still intends, whenever he can leave his present dangerous post at Khartoum, to resume the mission which he before contemplated, establishing himself high up the northern tributaries of the Congo as he can possibly go, and undertaking the task of forming a strong defensive confederacy of the tribes dwelling thereabouts, who are now exposed to incessant cruel attacks by ruthless depredators serving the cupidity of Turkish, Arabian, and Egyptian dealers in human flesh and blood—a system long connived at by the corrupt Government of Egypt and of the Soudan. The rebellion of the Soudan led on by the Mahdi, with the prospect of its final separation from the dominion of Egypt, seems indeed likely to effect the complete cessation of those atrocious practices, by closing the



CHINESE EDIBLE DOG AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW.



CHINESE EDIBLE DOG AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW.

outlets for the slave-trade, both down the course of the Nile into Egypt, and at the Red Sea ports where it has found a passage to the opposite coasts of Arabia. This beneficial effect will be greatly assisted by the success of the efforts now being made for the opening of a route of legitimate commerce in the opposite direction, that is to say, down the affluents of the Upper Congo, which is General Gordon's special idea and fixed purpose, if his life be spared, and which he means to prosecute as soon as he can get way from the Soudan. Our panoramic Map, though it has no pretension to minute geographical exactness, is sufficient to display the relation between the Nile and the Congo regions, and the position of the middle country in the interior, which is of main importance with a view to this solution of the problem of the East African slave-trade. Everybody is aware that it was along the White Nile, from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and on the rivers flowing into it from the westward, that Gordon, when he succeeded Sir Samuel Baker in the provincial government, under the reign of the late Khedive Ismail Pasha, laboured and fought, with the aid of Romolo Gessi and other Europeans, whose work in Darfour and on the Bahr-el-Ghazal was at first successful, to suppress the kidnapping raids to the south-west of the Soudan. All that region is now abandoned, of necessity, either to the unchecked influence of the Mahdi or to the anarchy of the wild Mussulman tribes, partly Arab, partly of native Soudan races, by whom it is inhabited; and it could not be recovered by the mere preservation of civilised rule at Khartoum. The subjugation of that vast territory, including Kordofan and Darfour and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, measuring about five hundred miles from east to west and seven hundred from north to south, could never be prudently attempted by any European Power; and it is impossible that any Egyptian administration should again hold it. This is the actual state of affairs; and one glance at the Map will show that the only alternative way of doing good in the interior must be found in the progress of peaceful civilisation up the Congo. We do not here refer to the Equatorial Lake district, which presents entirely different conditions, and to which access can always be gained from Zanzibar.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

In the French Chamber, on the 3rd inst., the Bill for the Revision of the Constitution was finally adopted by 414 to 113 votes.—M. Herisson, the Minister of Commerce, stated in the Chamber last Monday that every precaution had been taken against the spread of cholera, and that the sanitary condition of Paris was excellent. The National Fête on the 14th would not, therefore, be postponed. The deaths from cholera continue in Marseilles and Toulon.—It is stated that the Government have determined to demand a war indemnity from China for the violation of the Treaty of Tien-Tsin, and have telegraphed this decision to M. Patenotre.—M. Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty was publicly presented to Mr. Morton, United States Minister in Paris, yesterday week, by M. De Lesseps, President of the Franco-American Association. It is to be taken across the Atlantic and erected on Bedloe Island, in New York Harbour.—M. Tissot, who was French Ambassador in London from February to May, 1883, and was succeeded by M. Waddington, died on the 2nd inst. in Paris.—M. Victor Massé, the distinguished French composer, died last Saturday, after a long illness.

Last Saturday evening the King of Spain, accompanied by the Queen and the Infantas Isabelle and Eulalie, laid the foundation-stone of the new edifice which the Bank of Spain is about to erect on a site recently occupied by the Palace of Duke Sexto, opposite the Ministry of War, at the corner of the Calle Alcalá and the Prado. The ceremony passed off brilliantly, the Royal party being loudly cheered. On Monday the King, accompanied by the Queen, reviewed the Madrid garrison.—In the Cortes, on Saturday last, Señor Castellar made a speech lasting four hours, in which he attacked the policy of the Government. His speech is said to have been one of the most eloquent ever heard in the Spanish Parliament. He renewed the attack on Monday.—The Council of State has approved the Treaty of Commerce with Italy.

The Second Chamber of the Dutch States General on the 3rd inst. approved the Commercial Convention with France by sixty votes against six. Subsequently the proposed new loan of sixty million guilders at four per cent was agreed to by sixty-two votes against three.

The Emperor of Austria and the Crown Prince Rudolph arrived early on Monday morning at Pola, the chief Austrian naval port and fortress on the Adriatic. His Majesty reviewed the garrison, and afterwards went in a boat through the fleet. He also inspected the new defences which have been erected during the past four years. The Empress and the Archduchess Valerie arrived on the 3rd inst. at Ischl, where, as usual, they purpose spending most of the summer.—There have been heavy floods in Hungary.

On the 3rd inst. the Kings of Denmark and Greece went from Wiesbaden to Ems to visit the Emperor of Germany, and returned in the evening, after dining with his Majesty. The Emperor, having finished the course of waters prescribed by his Majesty's physicians, left Ems on Sunday afternoon for Coblenz. The Emperor has made the Prince of Wales an honorary Knight of the Samaritan Order of St. John.—In five months of this year 80,104 Germans emigrated, mostly to America, the number being 709 less than in the corresponding period of 1883. In the same period of 1882 the number was 102,324; and of 1881, 102,519.

President Arthur has vetoed the bill for the relief of General Fitzjohn Porter, and the United States House of Representatives has passed the bill over the President's veto. The bill again came before the Senate, but failed to obtain the two-thirds majority required to over-ride the Presidential veto. The Session of the United States Congress is closed. The President has broken the diplomatic deadlock between the United States and Germany by appointing Mr. John A. Kasson American Minister at Berlin. Mr. Kasson is a Republican member of the House, from Iowa. He was formerly American Minister at Vienna.—The Democrats began on Tuesday at Chicago the Convention for the selection of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States.

It is announced from Melbourne that the Victorian Legislative Assembly has passed the resolutions concerning the annexation of New Guinea and other Pacific islands, agreed to by the Intercolonial Convention last November at Sydney.—The revenue of the colony of Victoria for the year ending June 30 amounted to £5,930,000, being an increase of £532,000 as compared with that of the previous year.—The South Australian revenue for the past year amounted to £2,010,000, being a decrease of £35,000 as compared with the previous year. The actual deficit at the end of the financial year reached £300,000.—The returns of the revenue and expenditure of Queensland for the past financial year show satisfactory results. The revenue for the year amounted to £2,570,000, being an increase as compared with the previous year of £182,000 and £51,000 above the estimate.

The Hon. Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson, C.M.G., Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta, has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that island and its dependencies.

#### OBITUARY.

LORD PETRE.

The Right Hon. William Bernard, twelfth Lord Petre in the Peerage of England, J.P. and D.L. for Essex, died on the 4th inst. at his town residence in Portland-place. He was born Dec. 20, 1817, the eldest son of William Henry, eleventh Lord, by Frances Charlotte, his first wife, daughter of Sir Richard Bedingfeld,

Bart., and succeeded to the ancient barony and the representation of the great Catholic family of Petre at the death of his father in 1850. He married, in 1843, Mary Teresa, eldest daughter of the Hon. Charles Thomas Clifford, a younger son of the sixth Lord Clifford, and had twelve children. The eldest daughter is the present Countess of Granard, and the eldest son, Monsignor William Joseph Petre, now thirteenth Lord Petre, is in holy orders of the Church of Rome. The noble Lord whose death we record took a foremost place among the laymen of his Church, and was deeply interested in the cause of Catholic education.

MR. PERCY MITFORD.

Mr. Percy Mitford, barrister-at-law, so long a member of the diplomatic body, died on the 27th ult. at his residence in Park-street. He was born in 1833, son of the late Mr. Henry Revelly Mitford, of Exbury, Hants, by Lady Georgiana, his wife, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham, K.G., and his second wife, Lady Charlotte Percy. He entered the Army, in the 43rd Regiment, in 1853, and retired from the service, being then in the Scots Fusiliers Guards, in 1856. Adopting diplomacy, he became attached to the British legations at Dresden, Berlin, and Brussels; was appointed, in 1863, third Secretary at Frankfort; and subsequently second Secretary at Copenhagen and Berlin. He married, in 1863, the Hon. Emily Marianne Tatton-Egerton, Woman of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, third daughter of Lord Egerton of Tatton. Mr. Percy Mitford was elder brother of Mr. Algernon Bertram Mitford, of the Board of Public Works, great-grandson of Mitford the historian, and was cousin of the Earl of Redesdale.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. M. Fenwick Bisset, late M.P. for West Somerset, at his seat, near Taunton, on the 6th inst.

Mr. Almuth Irwin, R.N., C.B., late Inspector-General of her Majesty's Hospitals and Fleets, last week, at Southsea.

The Rev. Thomas Boucher Coney, Hon. Canon of Bristol, at Pucklechurch Vicarage, near that city, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Lady Lamb (Frances), widow of Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, second Baronet, of Beauport, and daughter of the Rev. William Margesson, of Van and Oakhurst, Sussex.

Lady Gorrie, wife of Sir John Gorrie, Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands, on the 19th ult., on her passage from the West Indies.

Miss Carnegie, of Leamington, a lady well known for her philanthropy, on the 3rd inst. She was one hundred years old on the 26th of May, and to within the last few days had possession of all her faculties.

Viscountess Halifax, at Belgrave-square, on the 4th inst. Her Ladyship, who was the fifth daughter of the second Earl Grey, was born in 1807; and married, in 1829, the first Viscount Halifax, then Sir Charles Wood.

Miss Rhoda Dunn, at Hunstanton, in her 104th year. She was born at Beeston-next-Mileham, Swaffham, Norfolk, on Feb. 23, 1781. She had enjoyed good health until the last few weeks, and could see fairly well, but was quite deaf.

Dr. George Alfred Walker, known as "Graveyard Walker," on the 6th inst., in his seventy-fifth year, at his country seat at Barnmouth, North Wales. Dr. Walker rendered signal service to his country as a sanitary reformer, more particularly in the crusade for the abolition of intramural interments.

Captain John Wynne, R.A., of Wynnstay, Roebeck, in the county of Dublin, in his eighty-fifth year; fourth son of Mr. Robert Wynne, at one time State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and grandson of the Right Hon. Owen Wynne, M.P., of Hazlewood, in the county of Sligo.

Mrs. Randolph (Catherine Emily Blanche), wife of Lieutenant-General Randolph, and daughter of the late Mr. Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, of Gwyrch Castle, in the county of Denbigh, on the 28th ult. This lady possessed considerable literary abilities, and published several popular works.

The Rev. Dr. Aveling, the pastor of Kingsland Congregational church, suddenly, at Reedham, on the 3rd inst. The deceased minister, who had filled the pastorate at Kingsland for forty-six years, was a popular preacher and theologian, and was to have been presented last Tuesday with a very substantial testimonial in celebration of his ministerial anniversary.

Major Christopher Robert Pemberton, of Newton, Cambridgeshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1858, male representative of the Pembertons of Trumpington, on the 3rd inst., in his eighty-fourth year. His eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Peach Pemberton, Scots Fusilier Guards, was killed at the Battle of Sedan, Sept. 1, 1870, while acting as military correspondent for the *Times*.

Mr. John James Heath Saint, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Recorder of Leicester, in succession to Mr. C. G. Merewether, Q.C., deceased. The Recordership of Newark is vacant by this appointment.

In the report by Colonel Majendie and Colonel A. Forde upon the explosions in Scotland-yard and St. James's-square, it is stated that twenty-seven persons were injured, but not more than half of them seriously. The dynamite used was American, and evidently had not come from France, while no doubt is entertained that the explosions had been effected under the same direction as those at the railway stations.

There were 2458 births and 1508 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 127 below, and the deaths exceeded by 5, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. Thirty persons died from smallpox, 56 from measles, 26 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 53 from whooping-cough, 24 from enteric fever, and 104 from dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had decreased in the nine preceding weeks from 360 to 231, rose last week to 230, and exceeded the corrected average by 30. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths; 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 10 from drowning, and 5 of infants from suffocation.

#### BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Lady Freake has sent three cheques for one hundred pounds each to the Princess Frederica's Home, the Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne, and the Young Women's Help Society, respectively, being the proceeds of the performance of "The Lay of the Bell" at Cromwell House on Friday last.

In one of the poorest districts of the metropolis—Friar-street, Borough—a mission hall, in connection with the London City Mission, has been opened by the Lord Mayor, M.P.

In the building and grounds of the Earlswood Asylum the usual annual summer fête was held on the 2nd inst.

A most successful concert took place at Grosvenor House on the 2nd inst. in aid of the funds of the Home for Consumptive Females, Gloucester-place, at which distinguished amateurs, vocal and instrumental, assisted.

At the anniversary festival of the Master Bakers' Pension Society, celebrated on the 2nd inst. at the Crystal Palace, a subscription list of £1700 was announced, which, after a renewed appeal from the chair, was raised to 2000 guineas, including 200 guineas from the chairman, Mr. J. T. Peacock.

The annual fête on behalf of the Metropolitan Police Orphanage took place at the Crystal Palace on the 3rd inst.

Lord Shaftesbury presided on the 3rd inst. at the presentation of prizes given by the Window Gardening Society of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, to the cottagers of the parishes, whose annual show of flowers was highly creditable. This is the annual crowning of a beautiful and an elevating competition, that goes on silently all the year round.

A meeting of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants was held at Stafford House on the 3rd inst., Viscount Ilampden in the chair. The work of this Association was started nine years since by the late Mrs. Nassau Senior to help girls placed out in service from the pauper schools, as well as other friendless girls. Last year over 4000 girls were assisted by this society in various ways. Those in need of situations had places found for them, and safe lodgings provided meanwhile when needed. More than 3000 situations were found for girls in the course of the year. Those who were ill or needing rest were sent to hospitals or convalescent homes.

Lord Shaftesbury yesterday week distributed the prizes to the boys of the two training-ships lying at Greenhithe, the *Arethusa* and the *Chichester*.

Under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, the ninth triennial festival of the Railway Guards' Universal Benevolent Society was held last Saturday. During the evening his Royal Highness took the opportunity of expressing, on behalf of the Queen and the Royal family, thanks for the sympathy shown them in their recent sorrow. The subscriptions announced amounted to £3383, including a hundred guineas from the Prince.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne presided at the annual drill competition by the boys of the London Board Schools last Saturday, which took place in Hyde Park. The challenge banner was awarded to the Berwick-street School.

The following meetings were also held on Saturday last:—

Lady Burdett-Coutts distributed prizes to the boys and girls of the Orphan Asylum at Watford.

The Lord Chancellor laid the foundation-stone of the St. Andrew's Home and Club for Working Boys in Great Peter-street, Westminster, to supply the place of the institution which has for years existed in Dean-street, Soho. Lord Selborne stated that £1600 had been obtained for the new building and that £2400 more is needed.

General Lord Wolseley presided at the annual summer fête, inspection, &c., of the Home for Little Boys at Farningham. The Earl of Aberdeen, at the luncheon, responded, as president, to the toast of "Prosperity to the Home." The report stated that there are now 300 boys at Farningham and 100 at Swanley. Contributions amounting to £400 were announced.

Lord Sherbrooke distributed to the successful students in the Workhousemen's and Clerks' Schools at Caterham the prizes gained at the late examinations.

Sir William M'Arthur, M.P., laid the foundation-stone of a new coffee-tavern, reading-room, and workmen's dwellings, at the works of Messrs. Chubb and Sons, Glengall-road.

Lord Aberdare presided on Monday at the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and congratulated his audience on the magnitude and success of their operations.

A bazaar, in aid of the funds of the North-West London Hospital, which is situated in the Kentish Town-road, was held on Monday and two next days at the Athenaeum, Camden-road. The announcement that it would be inaugurated by Lady Henry Somerset brought together a goodly number of its friends. The stalls were abundantly furnished and tastefully decorated, and besides the usual fancy articles, flowers, &c., there were fruit, cream, and other appropriate refreshments.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters opened on Tuesday a new pile of buildings, erected by the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company in Soho, for working men's dwellings, and which is to be known as Sandringham Buildings. In recognition of the gratuitous services of Sir Sydney Waterlow and the Directors, the Prince, on behalf of the Company, presented them with a collection of plate and other works of art. The Prince expressed his strong personal interest in the work of the society.

Princess Christian on Tuesday opened a bazaar at the Athenaeum, Highbury New Park, in aid of the Industrial Home for Boys, Copenhagen-street, N. The home has now accommodation for one hundred boys, who are received from all parts of the country.

Mr. Alderman Cotton, M.P., presided on Tuesday over an influential meeting, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, at which it was resolved to form a London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, on the model of that at Liverpool.

The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association was held on Tuesday at Grosvenor House, the Duke of Westminster occupying the chair. The report of the committee stated that fifty-two new troughs and fifty-one new fountains for human beings had been erected during the year. The expenditure had been £6789, leaving a balance in hand of £101.

Viscountess Folkestone will give an attractive morning concert at Prince's Hall next Wednesday for the benefit of the Military Benevolent Fund, instituted in 1875 by Mrs. Ellis-Williams.

There will be a rose show and floral fête at the Mansion House next Thursday in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women at Waterloo Bridge-road.

A grand evening fête, under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have announced their intention of being present, will be held at the International Health Exhibition on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., in aid of the fund for the London Hospitals.

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COMPOSITE RODES, 20 yards in each; a great novelty in every combination of style and colour, all Wool . . . . . 1 1 0 Dress Lengths of Fine French Merinoes, in all the prevailing colours, double width, per yard . . . . . 0 1 6 Very Fine French Cashmeres, very wide, per yard, 2s. and . . . . . 0 2 3

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Prepared from Cocoa only recently cultivated in the Island. This Chocolate possesses a peculiarly fine and delicate flavour, somewhat different from that of Chocolate prepared from Cocoa grown in the Western Hemisphere; and it will, we believe, be appreciated by many connoisseurs. The successful cultivation of Cocoa in our Eastern Dependencies marks a fresh departure in the trade in this increasingly important article of food and drink.

Nineteen Prize Medals awarded to the Firm.

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The faculty pronounces it the most nutritious, perfectly digestible Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER." Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful to Breakfast-Cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.

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## ANTIBILIOUS

## PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

</div



DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

He lounged against a huge press of carved oak, at a good distance from the girl.

## ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A DOG IN A MANGER.



a bored man might make a less telling assault upon his persistent enemy, Time, and do worse with himself altogether, than by dropping in on Phil Derrick upon the chance of a chat with Nance—not that she had much to say, or was more than a rustic beauty, if so much as that: but that she listened so sweetly as almost to charm the dumb into eloquence, and was one of the best girls, I will not say in Stoke Juliet, which would signify little, but in all Devon, which signifies a great deal; as all England knows. And what is more—though one may look for little good as a rule when the young Squire lets what serve him for thoughts run too much on his servant's daughter, in this case it was the wisest thing he could let them do. For she was farther above him than if she had been any common Princess, so long as he remained Francis Carew of Horncombe. And yet, either so bad was the neighbours' taste, or else so good her own, that Parson Pengold had not yet published her banns even for the first time. The Parson's Tamzin, though two years younger, and no more fit to compare with her than a hollyhock is with a sweet pea, had beaten her hollow. Not a He in all the parish, or out of it, had kept one Sunday's company with her since the days when, the most innocent of wreckers, she went shell-gathering in Skullicross Bay, or raced with the tide across the sands.

However, she threw on neglect as if it were the most natural instead of the most unaccountable thing in the world; and every wind that blew seemed to leave its best with her before passing farther on. It was a very small world in which she lived, save for the four winds and the sea. She had neither

mother, nor sister, nor brother; the three-roomed cottage behind the lime-kiln, that is to say, in the most desolate part of the dunes, was the only home she had ever known, and there was no other dwelling nearer than the hall, a good mile and a half away. Her father, too, was absent from the cottage most of the day, and often all the night besides, and taught her little beyond such things as how to make traps for weasels or clean a gun, for he was a gamekeeper in earnest, though his duties were light and few. Naturally, therefore, what she heard in church was a good deal mixed up with a self-made philosophy. Her views on cheating the King, and on rights of property in what the sea did not care to swallow, were of her place and age, and would have shocked many a worse moralist. But she had the instinct which, to be of any use, must be born in one, seeing that it otherwise takes a lifetime to supply by force of reason—that of seeing only the best in all things and in all people, as if one had a hundred eyes, and in being as blind to the badness in them as if one had none. And, since that is the whole secret of happiness, and since happiness is the chief secret of goodness, neither her ethics nor her ignorance stood the least in her way.

When Francis Carew, still with his black pipe between his teeth, lounged up to the open door of the battered cottage, with its roof held down by boulders from the beach, and its low walls heavily buttressed, so that it might not be carried off bodily by a sou'-wester, she was engaged in the very last occupation in which, while sprawling on the Black Steeple, he had dreamed of picturing her. She was not only watching with one eye a pot boil over a crackling fire of thorns, but she was following the lines of a large printed book with the other. The big black beaver bonnet was off now; and though thus, in the eyes of a connoisseur like Captain Quickset, the face might lose a certain flavour of piquancy, the effect was all the better. One could see that so open a face had no need to hide itself away. And one could see, also, that the rather coarse hair, of true Stoke Juliet darkness to match the eyes, was arranged with exceptional neatness, without any attempt at display—a good sign when a girl lives all alone, and when neatness must needs mean instinctive respect for her own better self, and can mean nothing more.

"Father in?" asked Francis Carew, with a nod, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe against the door-post. "I had something or other to say to him if he were."

"Not just this minute," said Anne, rising and smoothing her gown. "He'll be having his look round. But he'll be to house betimes. Will you sit down?"

She spoke like what she was—a rustic, and with so full a flavour of her native soil that I must translate freely as I go along. But it would be a shame to chronicle her barbarisms of speech, for that would do injustice to her voice, which was soft and mellow, and with a smile in it twin sister to the one in her eyes—a smile felt, however, rather than heard or seen.

Francis Carew had nothing in particular to say to Phil Derrick, or, indeed, to anybody; and he was out of temper about nothing; and there is nothing so conducive to the presence of the black dog as nothing, as everybody knows. Nevertheless, he lounged into the kitchen, and leaned against a huge press of carved oak, now worth its weight in guineas, at a good distance from the girl and the sparkling thorns.

"You're reading!" he observed, when she, having said her say, returned to her potatoes. "What a comical thing to do."

"Not to call it reading," said she, colouring a little, and busying herself with her pot more deeply. "I was but trying to puzzle out a bit like, here or there—and 'tis hard."

"Well, Nance—every man to his hobby. Books would never be mine. I never could see the sense of things that the dullards that make 'em can't understand themselves. There's a lot of books up at the hall, but I've never opened one. I'm bored enough, without books. But you may read 'em, if you please."

He meant to be gracious; and was only gruff. But she did not seem to heed or mind.

"This is from the Hall, Sir," said she. "Mrs. Drax lets me have one at a time, as you take no heed of 'em: for I'm trying to learn myself better, and am getting to spell a bit, if I could only see the sense of things. I've tried one after another, and they're all hard: but this one here does beat them all. 'Tis naught but a jugglemire."

"Next time I'll lend you my own books myself, Nance," said Francis. "It's all right, with you: but if my housekeeper takes to lending the books to one neighbour, she'll be lending the spoons to another: and though books are rubbish, there's a use for spoons." He took up the volume from the dresser, and opened it where Anne had kept her place with a rolling-pin.

Anne's eyes hung upon the Squire's face in humble expectation. As a gentleman, he must needs be a scholar: and no doubt the riddle would be solved.

But, after staring and frowning, he shook his head. "P.—Ovidii—Nasonis—Metamorph—Lib—V—I—I," he read the page's head-line, stumblingly. "Why, this is Latin—not

even English: like what we used to be caned over at Knotsham. I never thought to see the like of that again. Why, it makes my back sting, even now."

"Then you can't read it, Sir?" asked she.

"No—nor nobody else. It's one of those books, you see, like the Dictionary, and Cocker, and Cicero, that were only made to bother boys."

"But somebody must write them, Sir?" asked she, looking puzzled.

"I don't know that. Anyhow, nobody ever looks at them out of school—and no more than they can help, in."

"But I should like to know," said Nance: her natural curiosity on fire. For the book savoured of mystery, and she was a daughter of Eve. Moreover, that fixed belief of the British schoolboy, that all the authors of antiquity were simply members of a vast conspiracy to effect his personal and individual annoyance, did not commend itself to her notions of the fitness of things, crude as these were. Even in stupidity must the mind of the natural woman be content to yield the palm to the mind of the natural man.

"Maybe Parson might know?" suggested she. "Or, maybe, Miss Openshaw? She knows a might of things, they say."

"Hang the Parson, and hang Miss Openshaw!" exclaimed Francis, still smarting under the defection of his faithless friend. "What should *they* know?"

"Nay; that would be a sad pity," said Nance, gravely. "He would be sore missed, and she is far too fair."

"I've never seen Miss Openshaw, Nance, and I don't want to. But if she's fair—that's enough for me. I never did look twice at your washed-out dolls. What I like in a girl is dark hair—and brown eyes—and cheeks like a woman's, not like your confounded curds and whey. Like—like!"

"I think I *will* go and see the Parson," said Nance, rather suddenly breaking in: more suddenly, indeed, than there was any need, not to speak of courtesy towards her father's master. "He *might* know. . . . And . . . and I think I saw Captain Quickset to church to-day."

"Ah—then it *was* you he saw? Yes. Quickset's another victim of Parson Pengold and Miss Openshaw—confound the whole gang of them. He's gone to see the pigs, and—well, I wish him joy." Something else had put him out now—he was annoyed that his brilliant friend had seen and admired Nance Derrick, and that Nance had noticed the man, and no doubt had been flattered by his admiration. He himself admired the brilliancy of his guest so much that he would have faint have kept these two from meeting. For Quickset had given it to be understood that Don Juan the great was a mere fool to him: and so Francis Carew, though not in love with his keeper's daughter, felt something more than a qualm of jealousy, and mistook it for the chivalry of a gentleman towards a girl who needed protection.

"Quickset is a splendid fellow, Nance," he began, with a stupidity more dense than even the profoundest ignorance of the world, and of the vice-world of books, could excuse. "A splendid fellow: and it was a lucky accident, for me, that laid him up here. But he's getting well now, and then he'll be gone; and it isn't likely that a man who's hand in glove with all the house of Lords and Ladies will have time for another thought of Hornacombe. I know the world, you see: I was in Wiltshire, and had nearly gone for a soldier, before coming here. He's not the sort for a girl like you to know—what with his Duchesses and such like up in London town. 'Tis my duty, as Squire of Hornacombe, to see he leaves the place no worse than he found it when he came. Not that he'd mean harm—but that wouldn't keep harm from being done."

I have said that Anne Derrick always saw the best of people, and was blind to the worst; and on no other principle could she have failed to see that Francis Carew, although he had been in Wiltshire, did not know very much about women nearer home. And what a woman is apt to think of the mind of that man who knows nothing of her half of the universe I need not say. Here was a young fellow, old enough at any rate to know better, first inventing a rival, and thinking he was doing himself service by warning a girl against him as labelled "danger." As if danger were not the charm of charms—as if Anne Derrick would have thought of consulting Parson Pengold on Ovid had she not suspected that the Squire's ignorance was something of a sham.

But, with that peculiar perversity of hers for seeing only the golden side of every shield, she destroyed the solemnity of his speech with a clatter of the saucepan-lid, and only answered—neither sharply nor proudly, nor with consciousness of satire—

"Thank you kindly, Sir; but, not being a Duchess, nor such like, I can take care of myself, maybe."

"I don't know about that, Nance; for if Duchesses were chosen by looks, you'd be the first of them all."

"Did you ever see a Duchess, Sir, if you please?"

"No. But I've seen a Countess at Knotsham; and she was no more to be compared to you than—than—I am to Quickset. Ah! Nance, I wish I were half such a fellow. Just think—he's fought the blacks in India; the French and I don't know who else abroad; he's been in eight affairs of honour; he can hit the ace of hearts at twenty paces, ten times running; he dresses like the Prince of Wales; he knows all the lords and the wits; half the women of fashion are dying for him; and he can buzz his fifth bottle without turning a hair!"

"Perhaps he could tell me what's in this book," suggested Anne.

"Hang him—I dare say he could do that, too. He's been at college. He's been everywhere. He's done everything—and oh! Nance, look at me. I'm an awkward country booby, only fit to moon about and yawn, and drink strong ale; and even that gets stale at last, and makes one want it stronger. I'm not rich enough to make a real figure, at Bath or anywhere; and if I was to see a real lady, I'd be dumb, and not know what to do!"

"I don't know about that, Sir," said Anne. "I've seen no ladies but Miss Openshaw; but for all they're so fair and lovely, they're naught else so different from the women, it seems to me."

"Nance," said Francis, suddenly, "you are a dear, good girl, and worth all the Duchesses in the land. And I've been only trying to quarrel with you, like a boor and a bear. All the same, it's true what I said. I thought I was good for something, if 'twas only the drinking of ale, till I knew Quickset; and now I know I'm good for nothing at all. I wish you were my sister, Nance; the Hall would be some sort of use then!"

"Eh, Squire," exclaimed a rough voice from the doorway, as there entered no less rough a speaker—a heavily-built but athletic fellow, bow-legged and broad-shouldered, with something lion-like about his broad and sullen features. But there was a likeness to Anne about them, too, in spite of the differing outlook, the blurred and rugged lines, and the stubble of grizzly bristles over cheeks and chin. He was dressed in an inconsistent and not easily describable fashion, giving him the air of a sailor trying to look like a small farmer, or else of a small farmer trying to pass for a sailor, and in either case fail-

ing. "Eh, Squire, but you're the man I'm bound to see. Look here!"

He drew from a huge pocket a line of wire, with a snip at one end, and the other secured to a stone.

"A spring for rabbits!" said Francis. "Where did you find this, Derrick? Not on—"

"In Base Wood; that's where. And a queer made bit of wirework 'tis, too."

"What!" exclaimed Francis, turning red as fire, "Do you mean to say such things are found on *my* land?"

"And the birds growing scarcer, too; and with never a gun to thin them since the old Squire's time. 'Tis getting as I've said all along. Where the master don't kill his own game, others will. Not that 'tis my business, if 'tis not my master's—beyond you might think it might be me."

"Father!" cried Anne, flushing. "As if!"

"No, no, Nance," said Francis, "you needn't tell me *your* father's an honest man. But for the lads to rob *me*—who am one of themselves! 'Tis all one as if I was to rob them. Why, there isn't a man in the parish (bar the Parson), young or old, that I haven't drunk with like a friend. No, no; they wouldn't rob *me*."

"Seeing's believing," said Derrick. "You may turn out the pot, Nance. I can feed proper now that springe is off my mind."

"If I could catch the blackguard that's after my birds," said Francis, "I'd show him what's law between man and man. What a hole this is! Why, old Horneck would have been ashamed to do such a thing. A fine pass the country's coming to, when a man can't call his very birds his own!"

The poor young man lounged out as he had lounged in, followed by a glance of pity from Anne Derrick—instinctive pity, for she would not consciously have presumed to pity the Squire of Hornacombe. He was really in a savage humour. The many bottles and the bad cards of last night had conspired to give him a bad next morning: then his friend and hero had left him to kill a whole long Sunday all alone: then his talk with Anne Derrick had taken a bitter and almost quarrelsome turn: and now, by way of last straw, he found himself insulted in his proprietorship—in the one point wherein he could feel himself better than his neighbours. Nevertheless, he felt something like a sullen pleasure in being able to throw the blame due to his own ill-humour upon others—being angry is at any rate better than being bored, and he had almost leaped at an outlet for anger.

"Twould do me good to fight somebody!" was his nearest approach to a thought that day. And maybe he was right—especially if he could meet a poacher strong enough to exorcise the demons of envy and jealousy that were worrying him, by means of a sound thrashing. Meanwhile he nursed his black dog, and named it Righteous Indignation against scoundrels base enough to rob, not the King of his dues, not shippers of their cargoes, but—him. He had heard of poaching, but he had never realised that it is so heinous a sin.

He went back to the large stone farm-house, which, being the capital mansion of his estate, was known as the Hall: and the exchange from Derrick's cottage was not for the better, in the way of conducting to a more cheerful frame of mind. It was a dark grey building, low, but with an aggressive extent of ground plan dispiriting to a bachelor who could not possibly inhabit it all, and it stood staring from the side of an unwooded slope, with no fence but a ha-ha. A very little management would have made it both picturesque and comfortable: but the former generations of Carews, like all people living in the midst of natural grandeur, cared not a straw for the picturesque, while Francis had not enough comfort in himself to find any to spare for his dwelling. In short, he lived like a hand-to-mouth lodger in a house which, though ugly and dark without, might, within, have been rendered a very architectural paradise by those who are in sympathy with large, low rooms, full of corners and angular surprises, generous staircases, tangles of passages, curious vaults and closets, and utter prodigality in wood-work and stone-work, beams, chimneys, and walls. It could not be called more than a farm-house: but then it was a farm-house that must have been built even from the first with a view to large living, to the accumulation of stores, and even to the possibilities of siege. It might have grown into a mansion, as others of the kind have done: and lucky it was for its present master that it had failed. For its size overpowered him, even as things were. He was the possessor of four-and-twenty rooms: and he lived in two.

Mrs. Drax, the cook and housekeeper, took her holidays as often as she pleased on weekdays, and all day on Sundays. Francis Carew, the great man of the parish, made a hurried and gloomy meal on a hunk of bread and a herring, badly cooked by himself, and then tried brandy for a change. The sun shone without; a world of books was at his service within doors: and yet how was Francis Carew of Hornacombe to kill the time till Monday? True, he could practise piquet, right-hand against left, so as to be in better cue for Captain Quickset than he had been last night. But such harmless gambling soon palls; and at last, having anything but soothed himself with an hour's steady cognac, he chuck'd the cards into a corner, and went out again into the air. That change, at least, ought to have done him good, for the scene before him was full of seeming peace, and very fair. The autumn sun had by now almost reached the crest of the opposite side of the combe on its way to the hidden but audible sea; the brown woods below him, and stretching upwards nearly to the sunset, were sinking into a sleepy shade.

Ay: Base Wood, where the pheasants were! Francis Carew cared for sport no more than for books; but, then, it made no difference to the dog in the manger that he did not care for straw. So he strode down the homeside of the combe, through the brook and into the wood, brooding,

"Quickset shall know what Hornacombe of a Sunday means, as well as I. When he's had enough of the Parson's pigs, he shall come back to find nothing to play but Patience. I'm hanged if I go home again till I've done something this blessed day. Anyhow, if I don't punish a poacher, I shall have punished Quickset, confound him. No; he shan't see Nance a second time. I wish he'd never come. Yet the devil only knows what I'm to do when he's gone. What's the good of anything? Poachers in the woods; not a soul to speak to; nothing but rocks and sand and salt-water to look at all day long; twenty-four hours in every day, and three hundred and sixty-five days in every year. . . . Nance, or no Nance, Quickset shall stay."

#### CHAPTER IV. AN INGLORIOUS MILTON.

It was almost the first time that Francis Carew had visited this part of his own land. Indeed, there had been hitherto no reason why, unless from a spirit of barren curiosity, he should ever have done so. He had not a particle of the sylvan instinct, which leads more fortunate hearts to revel among trees, whether green, brown, or bare. Base Wood meant to its owner merely a large, dark slush, in which walking was detestable and sprawling impossible, always damp and cold, and teeming with vermin and weeds. For that matter, most people

used to think the same; and the Squire of Hornacombe was anything but in advance of his time.

"I wonder if there's anything in my title to prevent my turning some of this timber into money," thought he, as he landed in safety on the further side of his first quagmire. "If Quickset stays here longer, I shall want another year's income in hand—for the very devil has been in the cards. I'll see Hayes about it at Barnstaple, and inquire. I don't see how there can be: except that whenever one wants to do anything there's sure to be something or somebody in the way. There'll be no poaching then: and an ugly, dirty bog will have been cleared away besides. I'm afraid there must be some law against cutting, or all this lumber would have been turned into bonfires long ago."

He rambled on, taking a sullen sort of pleasure in discomfort, as men in such humours will; now sinking nearly knee-deep in soft, black peat, hidden by layers of fallen leaves, now stumbling over a root, and now forcing his way through bracken and briar that had not been cut or mown within living memory. The wood was large, and had some of the attributes of the forest primeval. He had as yet seen nothing of his pheasants, or of unlawful trespass: but he had seen much of the democracy of rabbits, and a squirrel or two, and once he startled a snake—and himself besides thereby. At last, after an infinite variety of scrambling, with dripping hair, torn hands, and boots full of dark water, he reached a dry island—a small, irregular glade, whence sprang a noble beech from a bed of mast, moss, and leaves.

By this time he had worked off quite half his temper: the twilight, hastened by the shade of the woods, was quickly failing; and a larger appetite than he had known for days began to draw him back towards the Hall.

"One mustn't be too hard on Quickset," he thought. "The next time I want to punish him, I'll bring him a walk to this beech. I expect he's back by now, and cursing me. I believe Derrick has been finding a mare's nest, after all. However, the next time he comes this way, he shall see I'm not so blind as he takes me for. 'Know naught of my own woods,' do I? Then I'll leave him a sign that other people can find their way into the very middle of them than poachers, or keepers either."

He took out his pocket-knife, and scored deeply into the smooth bark of the beech, pulling a narrow strip away. The scar served admirably for the stem of an F. And, that most fascinating of all occupations for an idle man who is not in love, the carving of his own name, growing upon his fingers, he did not cease till the beech bore the full name of its unworthy owner, FRANCIS CAREW, clean and clear.

"I'll bet the Captain he won't cut 'Caleb Quickset' as well as that," he said, with an artist's pride in something at last accomplished, as he turned homeward.

Night was falling; and this was all that Francis Carew had to show for his day. And yet it was more than he could have shown for any given ten days, ever since he had been a rich man.

But if his discovery of the insulted beech had only been achieved through sinkings, stumbling, and tearings of face and hands, the return meant these things all over again, and a vast deal more. True, the risen moon, fifteen days old, was throwing light through the branches. But then the moon, though possibly useful enough for a few nights of the month, here and there, is the very reverse of useful in a wood, where she plays such pranks as only those know who have ever gone hunting fairies. Darkness merely hides the truth; but the moonlight is all one bewildering lie. No friend to the sun, who bored him, the Squire of Hornacombe openly swore at the moon, which not only worried and wearied him, but mocked him and betrayed him. There is no need to speak of the fantastic beauty of mist and glamour, sheen and shadow, when he who was in the midst of it regarded it all but as a snare and a stumbling-block, and as a new device of the great conspiracy of the Universe to keep him from his supper and to delay the ever-coming, never-arriving, fortune of the cards. He was certainly a most unfortunate man, with every right to consider himself a bitterly ill-used one. Driven into this villainous thicket to escape from himself, he had not only failed, but found that his hoped-for asylum was only another sort of prison.

Then, too, the way back seemed prodigiously long. That was natural, in some measure, seeing that he was wet, weary, hungry, and no longer inspired by wrath and brandy. But it was not at all natural that the way out should be more than double the length of the way in. He was going, despite the pranks of the moonlight, at least as fast, and most likely faster.

It may please some persons, of an exceptionally romantic turn, to be lost in a wood. It did not at all please Francis Carew, who had no more romance in him than an ancient Greek, or a poet without his pen. All that his soul longed for was to be amused, and all his body desired was to be at ease. And all the while that goddess of mischief, the moon, doubled her pranks and made him redouble his curses. Now she made a brown bush resemble a white gate, and so drew him into a bog; now again she turned, for the moment, one of her own beams into an open track, so that he fell on his face over a cord of wild clematis in trying to reach an opening which proved to be a bush of holly.

But, at last, by the time the moon was fully two hours higher, he stumbled out, all scratched and torn, into an open space round a large and massive tree—a black mountain in the midst of a silver sea. He went close to the trunk, partly to rest himself, partly to consider his geographical position. Wherever he was, he could not now be far from home, for he was assured that he had come back in the direction of the Hall as straight as a crow. But suddenly his heart sank. There, deep in the trunk, were carved the words—

FRANCIS CAREW,  
white, clean, and clear.

For two mortal hours he had been wandering round in a maze.

Philosophy, much more humour, was out of the question; for he was hungry, thirsty, weary, befooled, had walked into this trap without any sort of good reason, was painfully sober, and—worst of all—though he had pipe and tobacco, was without the means of lighting them. But there was a worse still—he had no thought worth thinking; no dream worth dreaming. And, therefore, without drink or pipe, fancy or humour, there was not a more miserable man that night in Devon than Francis Carew. A real, hearty sorrow, however deep, would have been infinitely happier than this dismal need of having to live for himself, without knowing how.

He was wondering how soon it would come on to rain, as the only shaft of misery left in Fortune's quiver, when a slight rustling of the underwood in front of him, as though being parted by some larger beast than a rabbit, caught his ears. He himself was in the shadow of the beech; and he drew close to the trunk so as to see, unseen, what should appear. By good luck, it might be Derrick, come to watch for springe-setters. Or it might be the springe-setter himself.

And so it certainly might have been. A man, treading as noiselessly while as swiftly as a ghost or a Mohawk, glided into the broad moonlight of the glade, so that he could plainly be seen. It was impossible to tell how long it was since he

had been young, or, indeed, whether he were not young still; for his face was not only tanned to the likeness of leather, but was covered, lip, cheeks, and chin, with a full and uncombed beard—an ornament, or the reverse, then associated solely with ancient sages and modern barbarians. Moreover, his hair was of an unusual length, reaching down to his shoulders and mingling with his beard, and forming his only head covering. As he crossed the glade the Squire could see that he was better clothed by nature than by art, for the man wore nothing but a shirt, coarse and tattered, and a pair of ragged cloth breeches, leaving his legs, as well as his feet, bare from the knee downwards. He was of no more than the middle height, and not apparently built for strength, but was as lean and lithe as a greyhound—all whipcord and wire. As he came yet nearer, Francis saw his features; how they were not made in the Stoke Juliet mould, but were small, fair, and lit up with so bright a radiance of content as that the Squire's black dog should have put his tail between his legs and taken himself off, then and there.

"Who the devil can *that* scarecrow be?" asked Francis Carew, wondering. "But so long as he knows these confounded tracks"—

He was just about to hail this possible guide when another effect of the moonlight made him pause. The light just silvered the barrel of a fowling-piece that the scarecrow in question was carrying at the sling.

No doubt, the poacher; but as certainly no Stoke Juliet man, whoever he might be. And, in any case, despite the rights and wrongs of property, justice must wait awhile for vindication. It was no manner of use for Francis Carew to take the law of trespass into his own hands when he, unarmed, had to deal with a fowling-piece as well as a trespasser, and did not know his way home. As to the future, he must consult with Quickset. As to the present, he came forward, holding up both his hands to show that he was unarmed, and called out—

"Ho, there! I've got lost in this infernal quagmire. Do you want to earn a guinea? You can, if you'll show me the shortest way out again."

The poacher did not start for a moment. Nor did he bring his gun nearer his shoulder. He only came to a stand as suddenly and easily as if the swiftest motion needed no active check, in a certain indescribable, phantom-like manner, and sang out, in a singularly clear and mellow voice, high-pitched, and with as little of Stoke Juliet in it as in his face and build,

"Scare us alive! Here's a fool that's found the Mother Beech, and wants to get out again. Oho!"

It was a kind of laughing shout the fellow gave, but with so much mirth in it, and so little mockery, as to be maddening to an ill-temper, to which lightness of heart is wormwood and gall.

"Not such a fool as a man that doesn't jump at a guinea," said Francis. "Now, fellow. I'm in a hurry. Look alive."

"The gauger at your heels—eh? Then you'd best bide a bit where you are. There's never a man in boots but you found the old Mother, nor ever will. You're welcome, for me. Not but what a smuggler deserves the worst he gets—a sea-lubber that likes the naked water better than the woods, with the warm smell that goes to your bones. But keep your guineas, lad. Depe Wood isn't an inn."

"Depe Wood! Isn't this Base Wood?"

"Scare us alive! Base Wood? Why that's to Hornacombe—Squire Carew's: a young sot that don't know a cock pheasant from a holly-bush. The highest oak of Base Wood is a good two hours away. This is Depe Wood—Sir Miles Heron's: another tomfool that don't know what life means. Fancy not knowing Depe Wood from Base Wood! But 'tis plain your're but a sea-lubber!"

"Two hours from Base Wood!" The lost Squire almost groaned. "Yes: I do know Base Wood from Depe Wood. One's a swamp, and the other's a quagmire. But if guineas are so cheap, poaching must be a good trade?"

"The best in the world."

"You're no Stoke Juliet man. But you must live somewhere, where there's some sort of a road? Put me into it; and you shall get your guinea, and I'll tell no tales."

"Oh, I live somewhere! I'm the only man, barring the birds and coney, that lives anywhere!"

Lord Lame-o'-wit in his chair doth sit  
Of satin, silk, and sorrow:  
But never was Trout that got the gout,  
Nor Fowl that feared to-morrow."

The fellow dropped out his verses, between singing and speaking, with such a flavour of light-heartedness in them that Francis Carew's ill-temper took the form of envy.

"Fish are hooked, and fowl are shot," said he.

"And smugglers are hanged," said the poacher. "But it is better to die once than to be dying every day, and all day long. I and the long-tails, and the white-tails, *Lice*—Here!"

"Here?"

"And nowhere else: I haven't been outside Depe Wood and Base Wood since I was no taller than this gun—never but twice, when Sir Miles's keepers lagged me and had me in the cage. 'Twas worth while—it makes one the gladder of living, to have tried the other thing!"

"But how do you live? How do you get drink, tobacco, clothes?"

"Drink? Why, isn't there the sweetest runnel of bog-water in your very hearing that rain ever made—as brown and as clear as your best cognac, and twice as steady to the hand? And Tobacco—there's as good herbs for a pipe grows under your feet here as you ever run in of a moonlight night: and Clothes? There's time enough to think of them when you want 'em. They'll come—

'Twas oak and beech saying each to each,  
While the year was falling old—  
If we don't take care we'll be cold and bare:  
If we do, we'll be bare and cold.

'Twas beech and oak, and again they spoke  
When the sap was running new—  
If we don't take heed we'll be dressed, indeed,  
All the same as if we do."

"But Powder and Shot, then?"

"Just fern-seed and hailstones," said the fellow, with a grave air of mystery, and after glancing round as if to make sure that so important a secret ran no chance of being overheard.

"You live in these woods, all alone—without a friend?"

"A Friend—when I'm in the very heart of them, scare us alive? Tell the trees that, and see what they'll say. Think of telling a man in the very heart of his own home, and with all his kin round him, he's got never a friend!"

"You live alone in a swamp—houseless, ragged, without drink, without tobacco, a vagabond, with only the chances of a gun to keep you from starving? And yet, by— and yet you despise a guinea, and as if you were the rich man, and not—I, he was going to add, but he refrained, feeling it wiser to accept, while alone at night with an armed poacher, the character of an escaping smuggler than of a landowner who had already learned too much for his own safety. "What's your name?"

"Cowcumber Jack, when I'm lagged; I don't know why. It seems a disrespectful name to call a Poet by; but then it

don't signify what goes on outside—and what do *they* know? And who cares? Never mind names. Nothing but bad comes of names, and better never will."

"Well, guinea or no guinea, get me out of this confounded."

"Hush!"

Just then a rabbit, tempted by the open moonlight, ventured upon a short cut across the glade. Before Francis saw what was happening the poacher-poet's fowling-piece was at his shoulder and the rabbit had been thrown into the Squire's own hands.

"Put that in your big pocket," said the vagabond; "that'll serve for supper. But if you want pheasant we must work work farther on. Base Wood's the place to find my Lord Longtail at home."

"Base Wood! But what become of the pheasants you kill? Do you eat them all? Are you an ogre, man?"

"Did you ever dine with Parson Pengold, of Stoke Juliet?" asked the poacher, with a grin.

Verily and indeed the Squire of Hornacombe seemed to have fallen into a parish of rogues.

(To be continued.)

### CHESS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMO (Darlington).—If the last holds water it is a gem, and shall have early publication. We are heartily obliged for your letter.

J K (Hampstead).—Certainly; correspondents may send corrected solutions at any time before the author's solution is published.

W E T (New York).—Thanks for your letter and inclosures. They shall be examined and reported on.

W F R (Swansea).—See the author's letter below.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, and 2088 received from John Blaxham (Warrnambool, Victoria), of No. 999 from Mr. B. Gibbons (Tilbury and C. Belton (Tilbury); of No. 2099 from R. H. Brooks (Jumbo, B. H. C. (Salisbury), Carl Friedlein, C. Edmundson, and Pierce Jones; of No. 2100 from Conger (Jumbo, W. F. R. (Swansea), E. L. G., O. Edmundson, R. Peguero, D. Jackson, G. Miles (H.M.S. Temeraire), and Pierce Jones; of the prob'lem from *Palacek* from J. R. (Edinburgh), E. G., and Emma (Darlington).

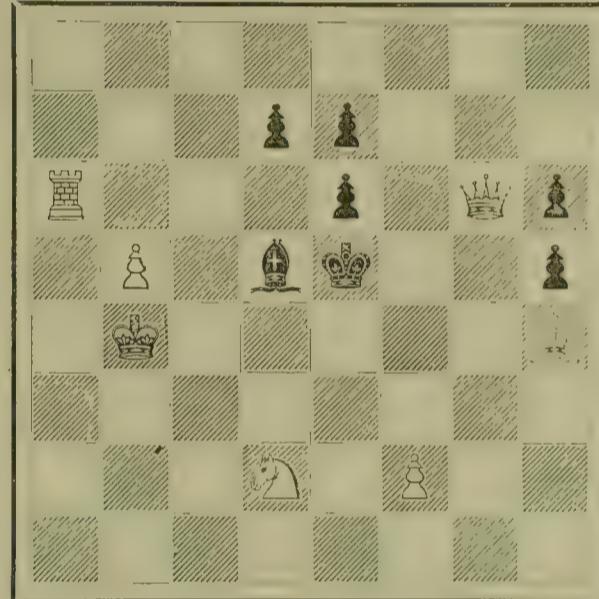
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2101 received from L. L. Greenaway, F. Ferris, G. W. Law, J. Gaskin (Rheims), J. T. W. Hereward, Aaron Harter, E. Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, A. M. Collinge, L. Desaiges, Shadforth, D. W. (Ulysses), Pilgrim, Dr. F. St. A. Bruin, E. Londen, W. Hillier, George Joyce, H. Wardell, L. Sherswood, Ernest Shatwood, R. L. Southwell, R. Jessop, Ben Nevis, E. Elsley, S. Lowndes, A. W. Scrutton, T. Greenbank, T. Grafton Junior, R. H. Brooks, J. K. (South Hampstead), B. Tweddell, James Pilkington, Jumbo, E. L. G., J. Schaefer, Carl Friedlein, R. Peguero, C. Edmundson, J. R. (Edinburgh), H. Wardell, E. Casella (Paris), Kitten, M. O'Halloran, R. Falcon (Antwerp), A. M. Porter, W. Dewse, A. C. Hunt, S. Ballon, H. R. Awdry, C. W. Miles, Otto Fuider (Ghent), O. Oswald, H. H. Noyes, G. S. Oldfield, L. Wyman, G. Sevur, E. Featherstone, Rev. W. Anderson, Fritz Hoffman, J. Hall, H. Blacklock, S. Farrant, Pierce Jones, R. Gray, D. Templeton, C. S. Cox, T. H. Holdson, R. J. Vines, G. Huskisson, An Old Hand, W. J. Rudman, Spiro, F. and G. Howitt (Norwich), John Cornish, T. P. Wrentham, and Emma (Darlington).

Note.—We regret to say that there is a second solution to this problem. The author Mr. Blackbourn, intends to reconstruct it, and it shall appear in an amended form at an early date.

#### PROBLEM No. 2103.

By J. SARGEANT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played recently at Sturton Rectory between the Rev. J. H. Ellis and the Rev. J. Coker.  
(Buy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. E.) BLACK (Mr. C.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to Q Kt 6th B to B 4th  
4. P to Q B 3rd Q to K 2nd  
5. Castles P to Q R 3rd  
6. B to B 4th P to Q Kt 4th  
7. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 3rd  
8. P to Q 4th B to Kt 3rd  
9. B to Q 5th B to Kt 2nd  
10. Q to Kt 2nd Kt to K B 3rd  
11. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
12. B to Kt 5th P to K R 3rd  
13. B takes Kt Q takes B  
14. P takes P Kt takes P  
15. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt  
16. Q to B 3rd Castles  
17. B takes B R takes B  
18. Q R to Q sq Q R to Kt sq  
19. Kt to Q 4th Q R to Kt sq  
20. K R to K sq Q to Kt 4th  
21. Kt to B 6th R to K 3rd  
22. R to K 2nd P to K 3rd  
Giving White an opportunity to play 22. R to Q 5th, when Black could reply with 22. Q takes R, &c.  
23. P to K R 3rd P to Q 4th  
24. It takes P The sacrifice of the piece here is hardly sound, but it is successful.

25. K to R 2nd It takes Kt  
26. P to K 5th Q to K 3rd  
27. R to Q 7th Q R to K 2nd  
28. P to K 6th P to K B 3rd  
29. Q to K R 5th Very good indeed.

30. Q to B 8th (ch) K to R 2nd

31. It takes R It takes R

32. Q takes R Q to B 5th (ch)

33. P to K B 3rd Q to B 6th

34. R to Q 2nd B takes K B P

35. Q takes Q B P B to K 6th

36. R to K 2nd Q to K 5th

37. Q to Q 6th K to Kt 3rd

38. P to K 7th K to B 2nd

39. Q to Q 7th and White wins.

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

We remind our readers that entries for the classes (at all events Class I. with its two divisions) will be closed on the 18th inst., next Friday. We understand that Messrs. Minchin, Irnken, Skipworth, Thorold, and Wayte, have already signified their intention to compete in the first division of the first class.

The St. George's Chess Club has attached itself to this Association by a subscription of £1 1s., and is represented on the committee by Mr. Minchin. Other clubs are following suit, with the object of making the Counties Chess Association thoroughly representative of British Chess. The Rev. Mr. Wayte, who is intimately connected with Bath, has accepted office as President for the year, so that there is good reason for anticipating a most successful meeting. Entries should be sent to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Ticeford Rectory, Horncastle.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Edward Mazel, the author of Problem No. 2100:—

To the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

Dear Sir,—I was very pleasantly surprised at taking in hand the last copy of *The Illustrated London News* to find there a problem of mine. I am sorry, however, to say there is a mistake in it. Probably Mr. Monck has not sent you the corrected slip, but I do so now, lest some problem-cracker should "cook it." This is the corrected position:—

WHITE.—K at Kt 5th; Q at Q sq.; Kts at Q 3rd and K B 5th; B at Q 4th; Pawn at Kt 3rd. (Six pieces.)

BLACK.—K at K 5th; Kt at K R 8th; Pawns at K B 7th, Q R 5th, and Q Kt 6th. (Five pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

In this position there exists only one way of solution. I am, dear Sir, your sincerely,

EDWARD MAZEL.  
Brünn, Moravia, June 25, 1884.

Solvers who have not yet discovered Mr. Mazel's intended solution will be amply compensated for a further study of this ingenious stratagem.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of H. R. H. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, K.G., was proved on the 1st inst., the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The will was executed on April 27, 1882, in the presence of Sidney Herbert and Walter James Douglas Campbell, of Blythswood, as witnesses. The operative part simply states: "I give all my property, of every description, unto my beloved wife, Helen Frederica Augusta, Duchess of Albany, for her own absolute use and benefit"; and he appoints her and his friends the Hon. Francis Richard Charles Guy Greville, commonly called Lord Brooke, and Sir Robert Hawthorn Collins, K.C.B., executors, who have all proved.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of the county of Argyll, signed May 19, of the disposition and settlement (dated March 3, 1882) of Mr. John Colvill, of Muusdale and Machrehanish, formerly distiller in Campbell town, who died on Oct. 17 last, granted to Robert Colvill and John Colvill, the sons, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 9th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £80,000.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1883), with a codicil (dated March 18, 1884), of Captain Mark Currie Close, one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, late of No. 28, Orsett-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on May 13 last, has been proved by Colonel Frederick Alfred Close, the brother, John Inglis, Edward Davies Browne, and James Hutchison, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £59,000. The testator bequeaths considerable legacies to his brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and others; and the residue of his property is to be divided between his brothers and sisters and two of his nieces.

The will (dated June 19, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 2, 1883), of Mr. Saint Vincent Lloyd, late of Syra, in the Grecian Archipelago, retired British Consul of the same place, who died on Feb. 25 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Herbert Peel and Howard Meurice Lloyd, the nephews and acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000.

The testator bequeaths an annuity of £245 to Elizabeth Gessi, for life; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate in England is to be held, upon trust, for Leopold Dollfus de Meric, for life, and then for certain of his nephews and nieces. The testator has made a separate will relating to his property in Syra.

The will (dated July 5, 1877), with three codicils, of Mr. Edwin Bostock, the elder, late of Stafford, shoe manufacturer, who died on Oct. 22 last, has been proved at the Lichfield district registry by Mrs. Joanna Bostock, the widow, and Thomas Bostock, Edwin Bostock, and Henry Bostock, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife; £8000, upon trust, for his son Alfred, his wife, and children; and £500 each to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Ann Byrd, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Bostock, and to his sons, Thomas, Edwin, and Henry, as executors. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she maintaining his daughters

## GENERAL TODLEBEN.

The death of General Count Todleben, the most renowned military commander of the Russian forces in the Crimean War, nearly thirty years ago, and in the Turkish war in Bulgaria, seven years ago, was reported last week. Francis Edward Todleben was son of a German tradesman at Mitau, in Courland, and was therefore a Russian subject. He was but sixty-six years old at his death, having been born in May, 1818. After studying in the schools of Riga, he was admitted into the College of Engineers at St. Petersburg, where his name is now emblazoned in letters of gold with the inscription, "Sebastopol, 1854-1855." He served with the forces dispatched to attempt the reduction of the Circassians in 1848; and when the Russian War broke out, in 1854, he was second captain in the corps of Engineers destined for service in the field; and, having distinguished himself under General Schilders in the campaign of the Danube, proceeded to the Crimea. Although Sebastopol was comparatively an open city, he succeeded, under the continuous fire of the enemy, in converting it into a fortress, which resisted for more than a year the efforts of the allied armies. Within twelve months he passed successively through the grades of Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant-Colonel, Major-General, and Adjutant-General; and received, among other distinctions, the decoration of the Fourth and of the Third Class of the Order of St. George, which is conferred only for brilliant deeds and upon the proposal of the Chapter of the Knights of the Order. He also received the decoration of St. Andrew, which is only conferred on Sovereigns and on members of the Imperial Family. During the memorable siege of Sebastopol he was wounded in the foot, and compelled to retire. He was intrusted by the Emperor with the defence of Nicolaieff, threatened by the Allies; and was afterwards sent to protect Cronstadt. After the close of the war he travelled through Germany to study the construction of its principal fortresses. In 1860 he was promoted

to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and appointed director of the engineering department in the Ministry of War, and adjutant to the Grand Duke Nicholas. In 1864 he published a "Narrative of the War in the Crimea," and in 1865 he visited this country, where he was most cordially received. He was not called upon to resume active service during the Russo-Turkish war until after the Russian army had sustained severe reverses at Plevna, Sept. 11, 1877, when the famous engineer was invited to undertake the capture of this stronghold. He proceeded to the camp, and directed the engineering operations, which, having been at length successful,



## THE LATE GENERAL TODLEBEN.

he was created Count Todleben; and after the preliminaries of peace had been signed he was continued in the command of one of the corps of occupation, fixing his head-quarters at Adrianople, whence he was summoned to take the command in chief of the Russian army before Constantinople, which ill health had caused the Grand Duke Nicholas to resign. After the withdrawal of the army from Roumelia he resumed his command at Adrianople, and there endeavoured to restore order. He left Turkey in March, 1879, and in April was appointed Governor of Odessa. A month later he became Governor of Wilna, in Lithuania; but his health failing him, he was compelled to resign this post.

## DEFENCES OF SOUAKIM.

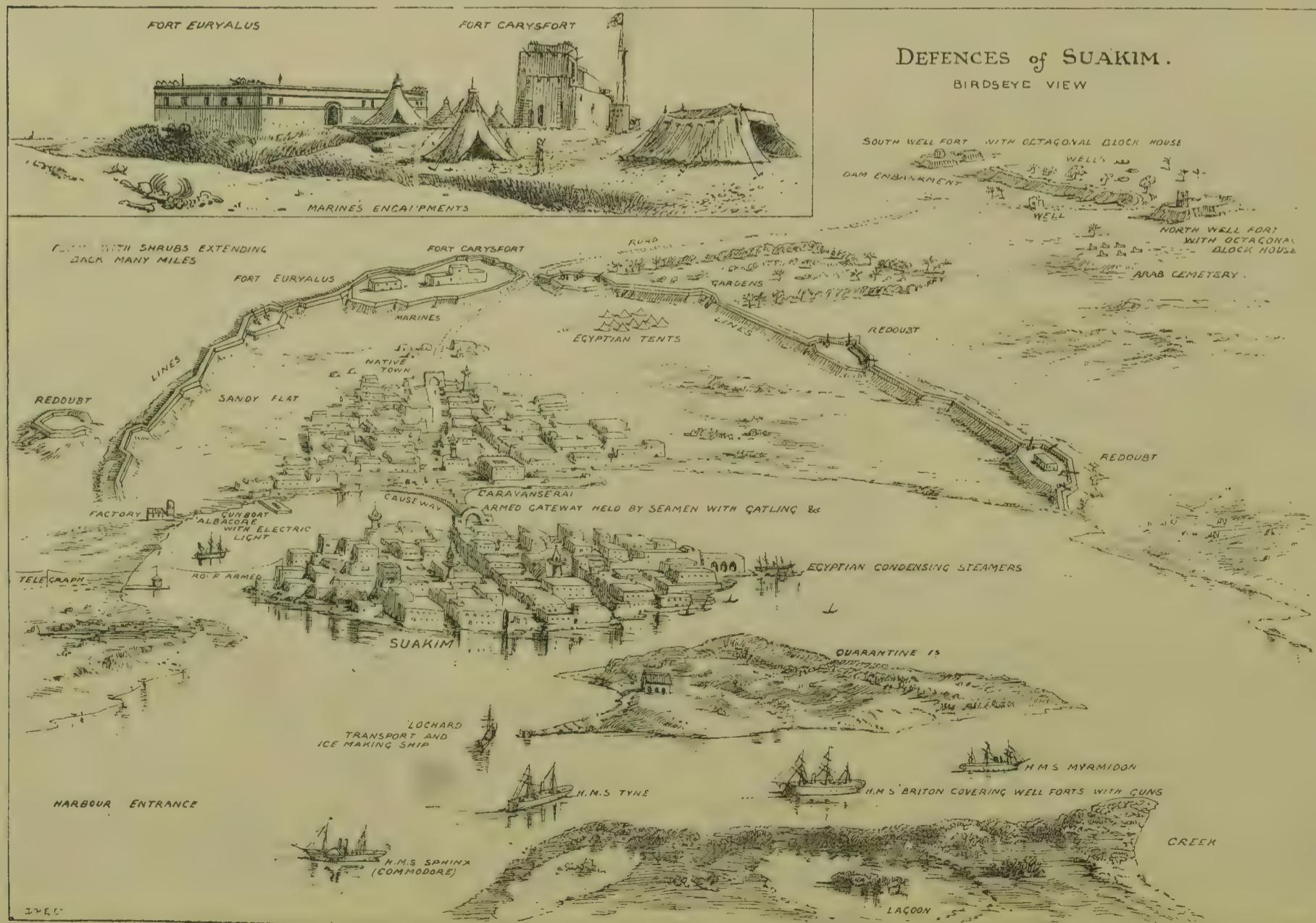
The brief campaign of General Sir Gerald Graham's force on the Red Sea coast of the Eastern Soudan, four or five months ago, though it inflicted terrible slaughter on the hostile Arab tribes led by Osman Digna at the battles of El Teb and Tamasi, has not prevented Souakim from being exposed to frequent annoyance by night approaches of small parties of the enemy. On the night of Sunday, the 8th ult., the attack continued three hours, but was repulsed by the fire of Fort Euryalus and Fort Carysfort, aided by that of H.M.S. Albacore, on board of which the electric light was used to search the ground occupied by Osman Digna's forces. An officer of that ship has furnished us with a Sketch, from which is drawn our Illustration of the working of the guns, the Nordenfeldt, and the electric light apparatus. We also present a bird's-eye view of the harbour, town, and forts of Souakim, which have repeatedly been described in this Journal, with the ships of the British squadron, H.M.S. Sphinx, Briton, Tyne, Albacore, and Myrmidon, lying there at the time. The entrance to the harbour is by a strait between the mainland and low and swampy island shown in the foreground of our Engraving. The Government offices, Custom-house, and merchants' store-houses, with a mosque, occupy a small islet which is connected by a narrow causeway with the mainland, where is the Arab town of huts, with a few square flat-topped buildings of mud, surrounding the bazaar. The ground beyond this, where the troops are encamped, is inclosed by a semicircular line of earthworks, two miles long, and is defended by the old redoubts and the new British forts shown in our Illustration.

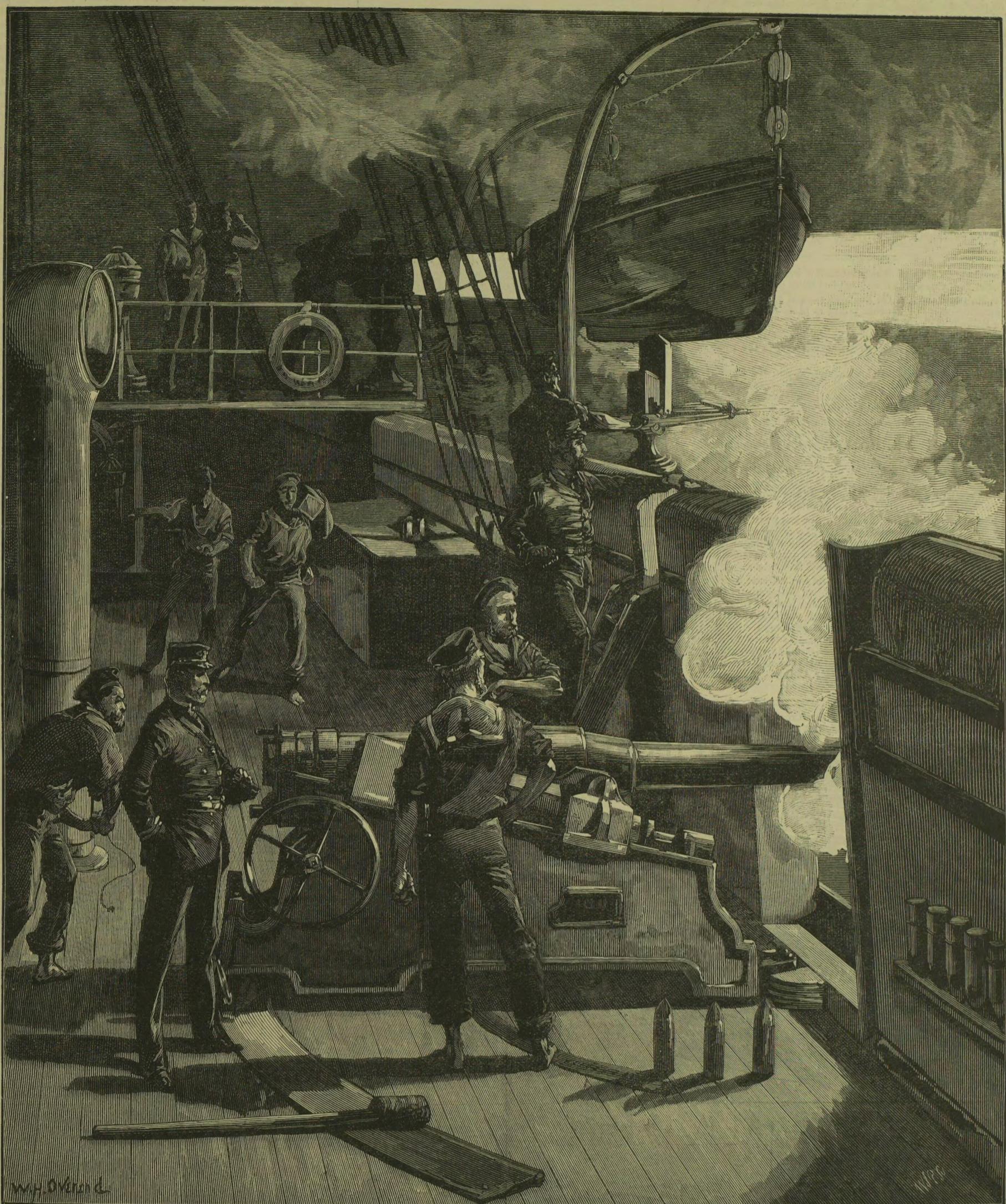
## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

## IN QUARANTINE.

Island of Nissida, July.





THE SITUATION AT SOUAKIM: H.M.S. ALBACORE SHELLING OSMAN DIGNA'S FORCES BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

Toulon. All night the Natal was guarded by armed douaniers in small boats: no one was allowed to approach us: we were examined from afar with telescopes as if we were all plague-smitten; and finally, on Tuesday morning, the passengers for Naples, numbering upwards of twenty, were landed at the lazaretto. Our arrival caused great excitement amongst the guardians of the establishment, who insisted on keeping us at a respectful distance, and by their gestures and bearing convinced us that it is by no means agreeable to be suspected of being the harbingers of the pest.

On board the Natal we were told that the lazaretto of Nissida was horribly dirty and horribly dear. I am happy to be able to refute both these statements. The island of Nissida is charmingly situated in the Gulf of Pozzuoli, just opposite the south-west spur of the Posillipo. It appears to be an extinct crater opening towards the south, and forming a little bay, around two-thirds of which is built the lazaretto, while the other part is occupied by a mole, a lighthouse, and barracks, behind which rises a hill covered with olive-trees and crowned by a vast circular building used as a bagnio for criminals. The old

lazaretto is a series of queer and picturesque buildings perched on the rocks, and communicating by a most complicated series of staircases, inclined planes, and passages, interrupted by massive doors and iron gates. A causeway of black stone connects the old lazaretto with the new one; and the quays and the terrace of the causeway constitute our only promenade. The chambers where we are lodging are lofty rooms with white-washed walls and glazed tile floors imitating mosaic. The furniture consists of a few rush-seated chairs, a little table, a wash-bowl about as large as a soup-tureen, and two or three pairs of iron trestles supporting boards, on which are laid the mattresses—simple canvas bags filled with dried maize husks. The bed-linen consists of two sheets, a counterpane, and a pillow-case. A small brass petroleum lamp serves to light us to bed. For such a chamber the charge is two lire a day, and for an additional lira you obtain a softer mattress and a bedstead with a head and a footboard. The rooms, it is true, are of monastic simplicity, but each of them has a casement window opening on to a balcony which almost literally overhangs the sea, and in whichever direction you

look you find a delicious view before you. On our side you see Pozzuoli, a picturesque rock covered with white and red houses; and in the background a line of hills, which in the course of the day pass through the whole gamut of grey and blue and rose. On the other side, you look across the extreme breadth of the gulf of Naples as far as Sorrento and Castellamare; but the view of Naples itself and of Vesuvius is cut off by the heights of the Posillipo. If one were only free it would be delightful to wander about this island, to admire the panorama of the surrounding scenery, and to glisten in the brilliant sunlight like silvery flowers.

As it is, we are not so very unhappy, after all. At the rate of ten lire a day we are excellently fed by a restaurateur, who brings us from Naples meat, macaroni, and all sorts of fish and fruit. Our guardians, seeing that we are all thoroughly healthy, have ceased to fear us, and are very obliging and genial in spite of their ferocious and brigandish air. We have

established communications with friends in town, who have sent us a guitar and some playing-cards; and so, between songs, cards, forfeit games, eating, a promenade morning and afternoon, and an occasional jump into the sea, we manage to get through the day.

At present only three ships have deposited passengers here, and the three lots, which are kept carefully separated, number in all about 330 persons; but several ships are expected both from French and Eastern ports, and, as severe quarantine has been ordered by the authorities at Rome, we shall probably be full before the end of the week, and things will not be so pleasant. However, as we are the victims of brute force and have no means of pleading our cause or making heard the voice of reason, all we can do is to be patient and make the best of things. At present we are all well and healthy and gay as far as can be expected in such circumstances. How long we are to remain in durance we do not know, perhaps seven days, perhaps twenty. Our guardians cannot give us any more precise information. How absurd and vexatious this quarantine is when imposed upon passengers arriving from France I need not remark, for railway communication between France and Italy continues, of course, as usual. At the present moment there is perfectly free communication by rail between Naples and Toulon, the very centre of the cholera plague. What, then, is the use of subjecting passengers who arrive by sea to the vexations of quarantine?

T. C.

The Empress Eugénie has presented a handsome cup to be run for at the Aldershot divisional flat races on the 26th inst.

Mr. Robert Romer, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn, in place of the late Mr. Hinde Palmer, Q.C., M.P.

Captain Alison, Deputy Chief Constable of Lancashire, has been elected Chief Constable of Somersetshire, in the room of Mr. Goold, resigned.

Her Majesty has conferred a baronetcy upon Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, M.P., and a knighthood upon Professor Roscoe, F.R.S., in consideration of the services rendered by them in connection with the Technical Commission.

A loan exhibition of Scottish national portraits was opened in the National Galleries, Edinburgh, last Saturday. The collection, one of great value and interest, numbers between five and six hundred.

A goodly company assembled at Harrow-on-the-Hill, on the 3rd inst., to do honour to Speech Day. The speeches, given in excellent style, were followed by the presentation of the prizes gained by the successful students.

A new literary and scientific institute at Banbury, presented to the town by Mr. Samuelson, M.P., was opened on the 2nd inst. by Mr. Mundella, M.P. A portrait of the donor was also unveiled, and Mr. Mundella announced that the Queen had been pleased to confer a baronetcy on Mr. Samuelson.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 3rd inst. received a deputation, consisting of the Duke of Westminster, the Earls of Wharncliffe and Wemyss, Mr. Robert Browning, and others, to urge the importance of purchasing for the nation some of the pictures from the Blenheim collection, which the Duke of Marlborough had offered to sell for 160,000 guineas. The suggestion was strongly supported by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Frederic Harrison, Lord Aberdare, and various other gentlemen. Mr. Childers promised to lay the matter before the Cabinet.

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1 Mustard Spoon ..	.. .. 0 7 6	0 1 10
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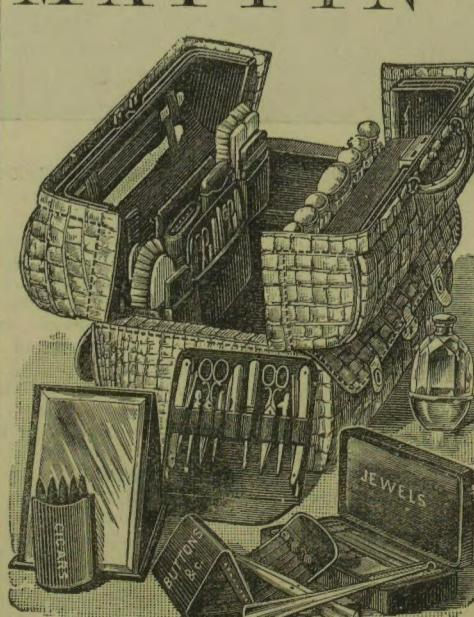
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MONUMENT TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, ABERDEEN.

The accompanying Illustration represents the monumental cross recently erected in the Duthie Public Park at Aberdeen, to the memory of the gallant officers and soldiers of the Gordon Highlanders killed in action at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, or who died of wounds or disease in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. Their names are inscribed at the back. It was erected by public subscription, and was designed and executed by Messrs. Alexander Macdonald and Co., of the Aberdeen Granite Works.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this institution was held on the 3rd inst. at its house, John-street, Adelphi. Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, the silver medal of the institution, a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, and £20, were awarded to Mr. W. Teel on his retirement from the office of coxswain of the Plymouth life-boat, which post he had occupied for twenty-two years; also the second service clasp and £25 to Marcus Boyle, late coxswain, for twenty-six years, of the Wexford No. 2 life-boat; £25, in addition to the previous grant of a silver medal, to Thomas Dobson, coxswain of the Donna Nook life-boat during a period of twenty-seven years; and £25 to Robert Williams, who has been compelled, through ill-health, to resign the post of coxswain of the Portmadoc life-boat, which he had held for more than sixteen years. Rewards amounting to £78 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution and shore-boats for services rendered during the past month, and payments amounting to £3500 were made on the 279 life-boat establishments of the institution.

Amongst the contributions lately received are £650 from the Central Co-operative Board, Manchester, to defray the cost of the Cullercoats new life-boat and carriage, the boat to be named the "Co-operator No. 1"; £650 from Mrs. J. H. Macdonald for a new life-boat and equipment; and £550 collected by Mrs. Polson, of Clevedon, for a new life-boat, to be named the "Brothers," which is to be stationed at Redcar.

New life-boats have been forwarded to Barnston, Yorkshire, and Dunmore, Ireland.

In Mrs. Weldon's action against Mr. Neal, her husband's solicitor, for slander and trespass, the jury found for the defendant, with costs. Mrs. Weldon strongly protested, demanding a stay of execution, which Mr. Justice Smith refused.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland went on the 3rd inst. to the show of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Kilkenny, although he only returned from London the previous night. His Excellency was received by the Mayor, Mr. Smithwick, M.P., and the Corporation, who presented him with a respectful address. He was afterwards entertained at luncheon, and visited the show-yard.

Mr. Forster yesterday week presided over another sitting of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the condition of the canal-boat population. Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, who for many years has taken much interest in this question, gave evidence, estimating the canal population at between 80,000 and 90,000, a number which, as the Chairman pointed out, was about four times larger than that given in the official returns supplied to the Local Government Board.

Yesterday week Princess Louise was present at a meeting in aid of the Women's Emigration Society, at Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, presided over by the Marquis of Lorne. In addressing the meeting, the Marquis of Lorne remarked that there was a great superabundance of female labour in this country, and a lack of it in the Colonies. In Quebec, Montreal, and Ontario there were associations which would give a guardianship to the persons of good character who were sent out by this society, so that there was every guarantee that labour extracted from England would not be wasted in the Colonies. He heartily commended the work the society was doing. Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, Sir Saul Samuel, and Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., also spoke.

# PEARS' SOAP

## PURE, FRAGRANT, REFRESHING.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

"I have used it two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I find it the very best.  
(Signed) MARY ANDERSON."

Fair, White Hands.

MRS. LANGTRY.

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used your soap for some time, and prefer it to any other.  
(Signed) LILLIE LANGTRY."

MADAME MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON.

"For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest soap in the world.  
(Signed) MARIE ROZE."

PEARS' SOAP is Sold

Everywhere in Tablets and Balls, 1s. each. Larger sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses. A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d., but INSIST on having PEARS', as vilely-injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain.

*A. and F. PEARS, established nearly 100 years, Soap Makers by Special Royal Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*

TURKEY 5000 to select from

TURKEY of all sizes.

INDIAN 1000 in Stock

INDIAN in all sizes.

PERSIAN 500 in Stock.

PERSIAN Superior Qualities.

MAPLE and CO. have correspondents and buyers in India and Persia (who act solely for them) from whom they receive direct consignments of superior and first-class CARPETS of guaranteed qualities. Purchasers are cautioned against large quantities which are coming forward of inferior quality, these having been made to suit the demand for cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The Trade supplied.

PARQUET FLOORING.

PARQUET can now be supplied to any room without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian, Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being £3.

NOTICE.—5000 Pieces Manufacturers' Best Brussels at 3s. per yard, but not newest patterns.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have SPECIAL EXTRA QUALITIES of BRUSSELS as produced thirty years ago, adapted for hardest wear, at a small increased cost. Newest designs and novelties in colouring.—MAPLE and CO.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have OPENED the NEW EXTENSION of their FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, making an addition of 1½ acre, including fourteen new show-rooms, for the display of High-Class Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Adams Designs Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Chippendale Furniture.

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MAPLE and CO. Manufacturers.

MAPLE and CO. Dining-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Drawing-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants and direct Importers of the finest Wools to be found in Africa, Asia, and America, and Manufacturers of Cabinets Furniture in various woods by steam power.

MAPLE and CO. Bass Wood Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Yew-tree Wood Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Circassian Ash Furniture.

MAPLE and CO.—BASS WOOD FURNITURE is one of the novelties particularly recommended, being much harder than pine, and a prettier wood. Bed-Room Suites, finished in various woods, to select from, prices £1 to 20 guineas. Many of these are quite novelties in shape and finish.

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POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg to state that this Department is now so organised that they are prepared to supply any article that can possibly be required in Furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns and quotations free.

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## FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

Specially Prepared for the delicate Skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Bright, Clear Complexion.

REV. H. WARD BEECHER.

"If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap must be considered as a means of grace, and a clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of Pears' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favour of it that I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

(Signed) HENRY WARD BEECHER."

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, writes in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine":

"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. . . . PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and Pears' Transparent Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

## MAPLE & CO.

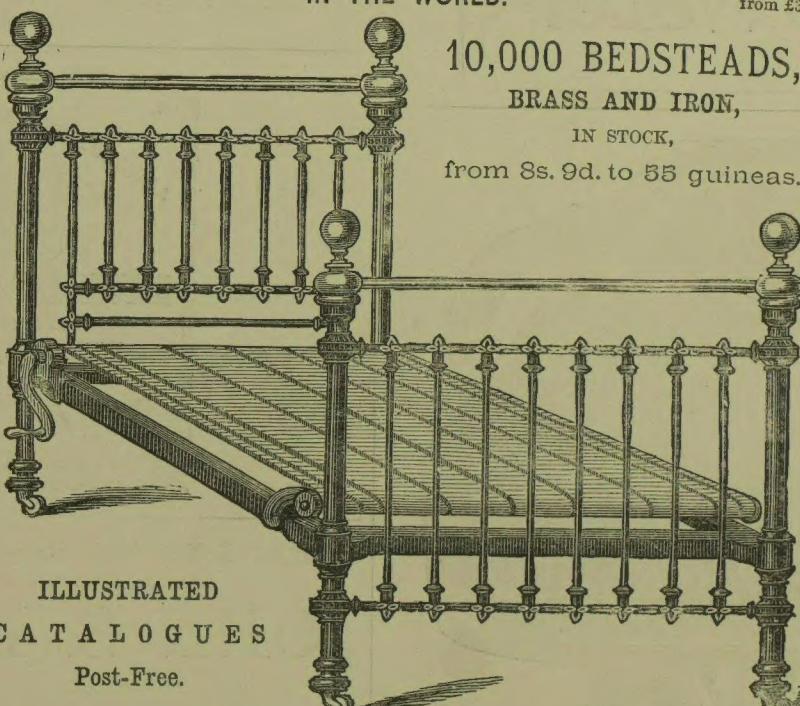
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THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.



The above BLACK and BRASS BEDSTEAD, with the PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS, complete—

3 ft. 50s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 55s.; 4 ft., 63s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 67s. 6d.

Price for the Patent Wire Wove Mattress, without Bedstead:—

3 ft., 25s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 20s.; 4 ft., 33s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 37s.

### "PATENT WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS."

THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS is a strong and wonderful fabric of fine wire, so interlocked and woven by a Patented process of diagonal DOUBLE WEAVING that an ELASTIC and PERFECT sleeping arrangement is secured. The hard spring wire used is carefully tinned, effectually preventing corrosion, and presents a very attractive and silver-like appearance.

This Mattress is, in fact, a complete appliance for all purposes of REST and SLEEP, combining all the advantages of a PERFECT SPRING BED, AND CAN BE MADE SOFT OR HARD AT PLEASURE BY USING THE HANDLES AT SIDE OF BEDSTEAD; IT CAN BE TAKEN TO PIECES IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND PACKED IN A VERY SMALL COMPASS.

They are also greatly used in yachts and ships, because of their cleanliness.

MAPLE & CO., Manufacturers of First-class Furniture, London and Paris.

THE VICARAGE DINING-ROOM SUITE, Old English in style, in solid American Walnut, consisting of 5 ft. cabinet sideboard, extending table to dine eight people, six small chairs and two easy-chairs, stuffed all hair, 20 guineas. See page 20 in Catalogue.

MAPLE and CO.

CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE.—DRAWING-ROOM CABINETS, from 7 guineas to 50 guineas; some of these are very handsome. Glasses and Suites complete. Bed-Room Sets and Dining-Room Suites in the same style. Brackets and Fancy Ornaments from 15s.

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EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE.—DINING-ROOM FIRE-PLACES, with glasses affixed. Sideboards, Bookcases, Drawing-Room and Bed Furniture carried out in the same style. Cabinets from £3 15s. to 6 15s. An Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.

BED-ROOM SUITES made by

MACHINERY.

BED-ROOM SUITE in Solid Walnut, consists of 4 ft. wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. chest drawer, marble-top washstand, toilet table with glass, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and theee machinery. This suite is manufactured by Mapl and Co.'s new machinery, lately erected. Complete suite, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-

glass door to wardrobe, washstand with Minton's tiles, toilet table with glass fixed, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs, complete, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, complete, 15 guineas; beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with 6 ft. wardrobe, complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—CHIPPENDALE, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very hand-made, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satin-wood, inlaid with different woods, 85 to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—500 to select from. From 5s. to 200 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (IRON).

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (BRASS).

MAPLE and CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. to 80 guineas. Slippers and colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS in Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fitted in stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 Iron and Brass Bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d. to 55 guineas. Strong useful Brass Bedstead, 3 ½ guineas. Bedding of every description manufactured in the premises, and all warranted pure. The Trade supplied.

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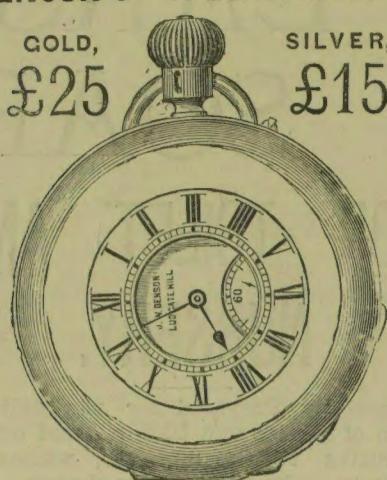
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HUNTING AND ROUGH WEAR.

BENSON'S SPECIALLY-MADE

GOLD, £25 SILVER, £15



GOLD ENGLISH KEYLESS  
HALF-CHRONOMETER,

CONSTRUCTED WITH PATENT BREGUET SPRING, WHICH ENTIRELY COUNTERACTS THE SUDDEN VARIATION CAUSED IN ORDINARY LEVER WATCHES BY HUNTING, &c. JEWELLED AND ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. GUARANTEED ENTIRELY OF MY BEST ENGLISH MAKE, TO KEEP PERFECT TIME UNDER THE MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, AND TO LAST A LIFETIME. EXACT SIZE OF SKETCH HALF-HUNTER, HUNTER OR CRYSTAL GLASS. SENT FREE AND SAFE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FOR £25 DRAFT WITH ORDER. SILVER, SAME QUALITY, £15. PAMPHLETS FREE, GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS WATCH AND ALL OTHERS MADE AT BENSON'S, LUDGATE-HILL, AND OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON.

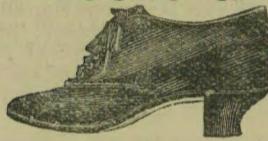
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PURE WOOL  
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NEW SPRING  
PATTERNS  
NOW READY.

For Ladies' wear, beautiful qualities, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. the yard; for Children's wear, capably strong, 1s. 3d. to 2s. the yard; for Gentlemen's wear, double width, 2s. 4d. to 10s. 6d. the yard. The Navy Blues and the Blacks are fast dyes. On receipt of instructions, samples will be sent Post-FREE.—N.B. Any length cut, and Carriage Paid to principal Railway Stations.

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The only Perfect Substitute  
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POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

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£10 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS. Elegant and accurate.  
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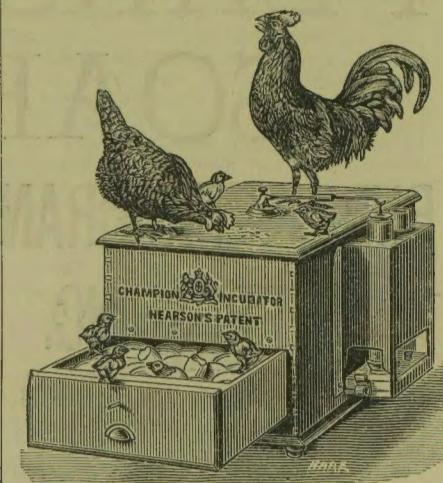
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